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BYRON'S
DON
JUAN







16 April 1861

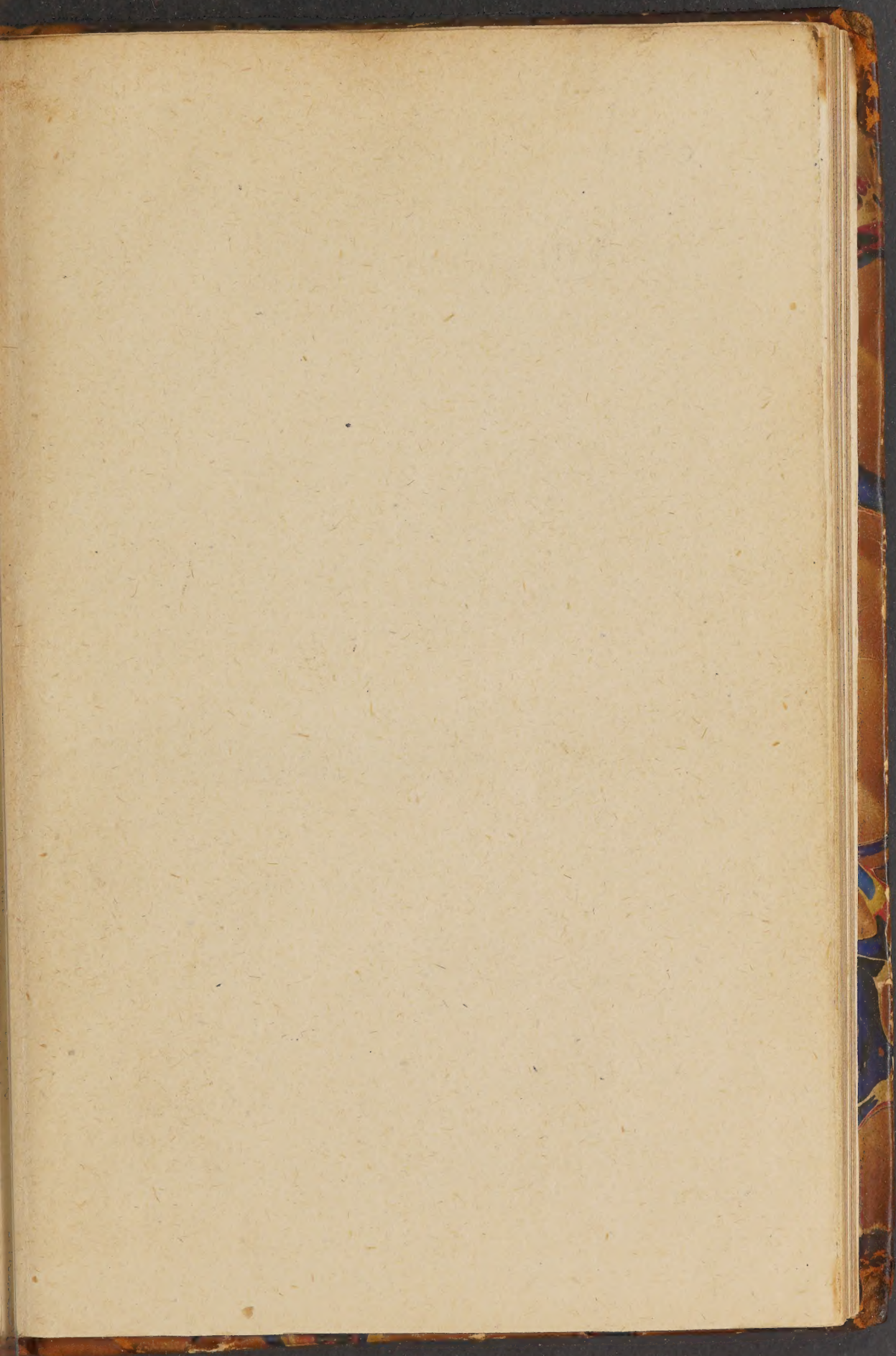
M 88 notes by Thos Caldecott

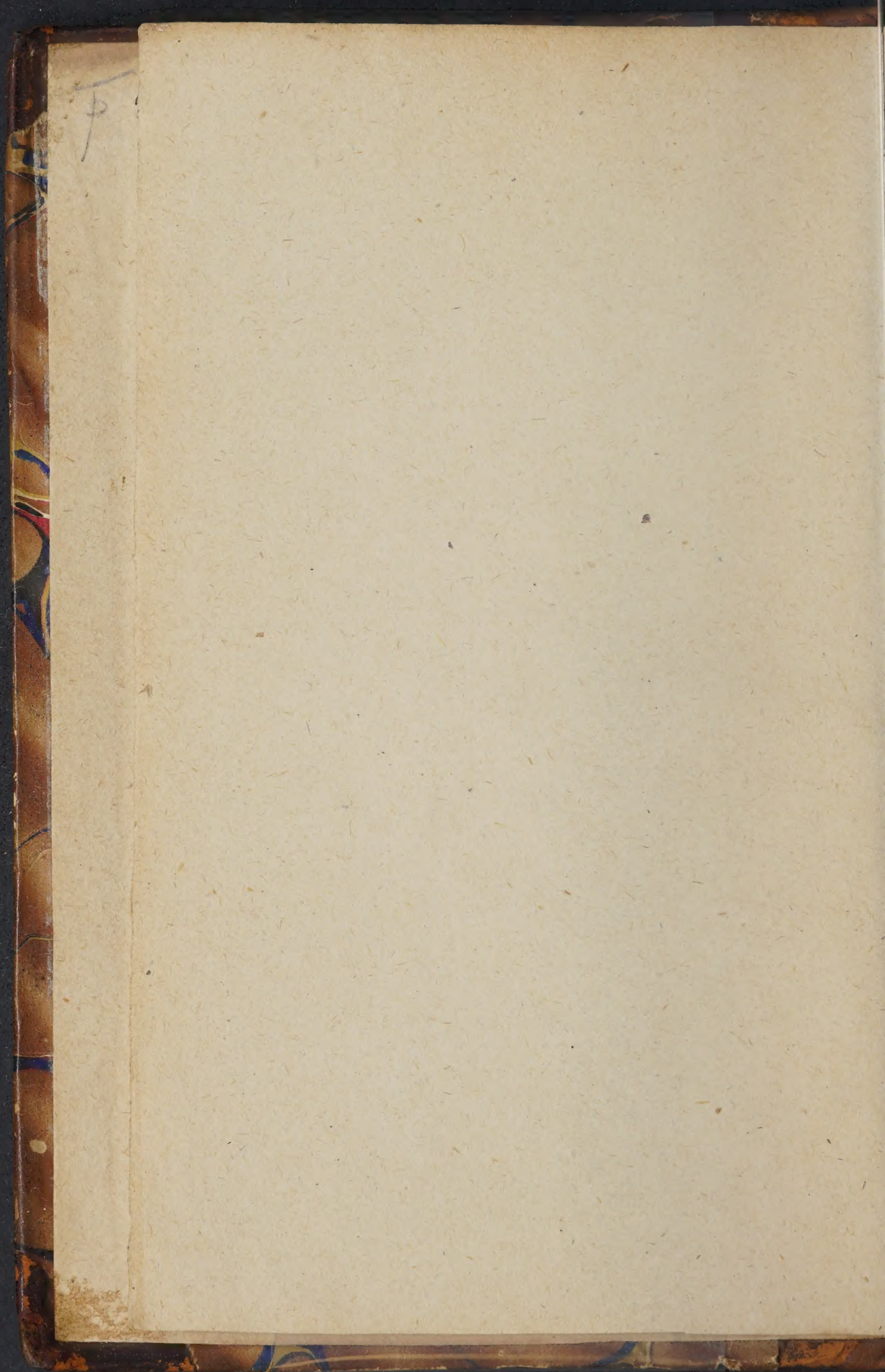
Portrait taken
from Count 3 and
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B.

Thos Caldecott - author of
Reports of Cases relative to the
duties of Office of Justice of the Peace
1776-85 - 1786-88.

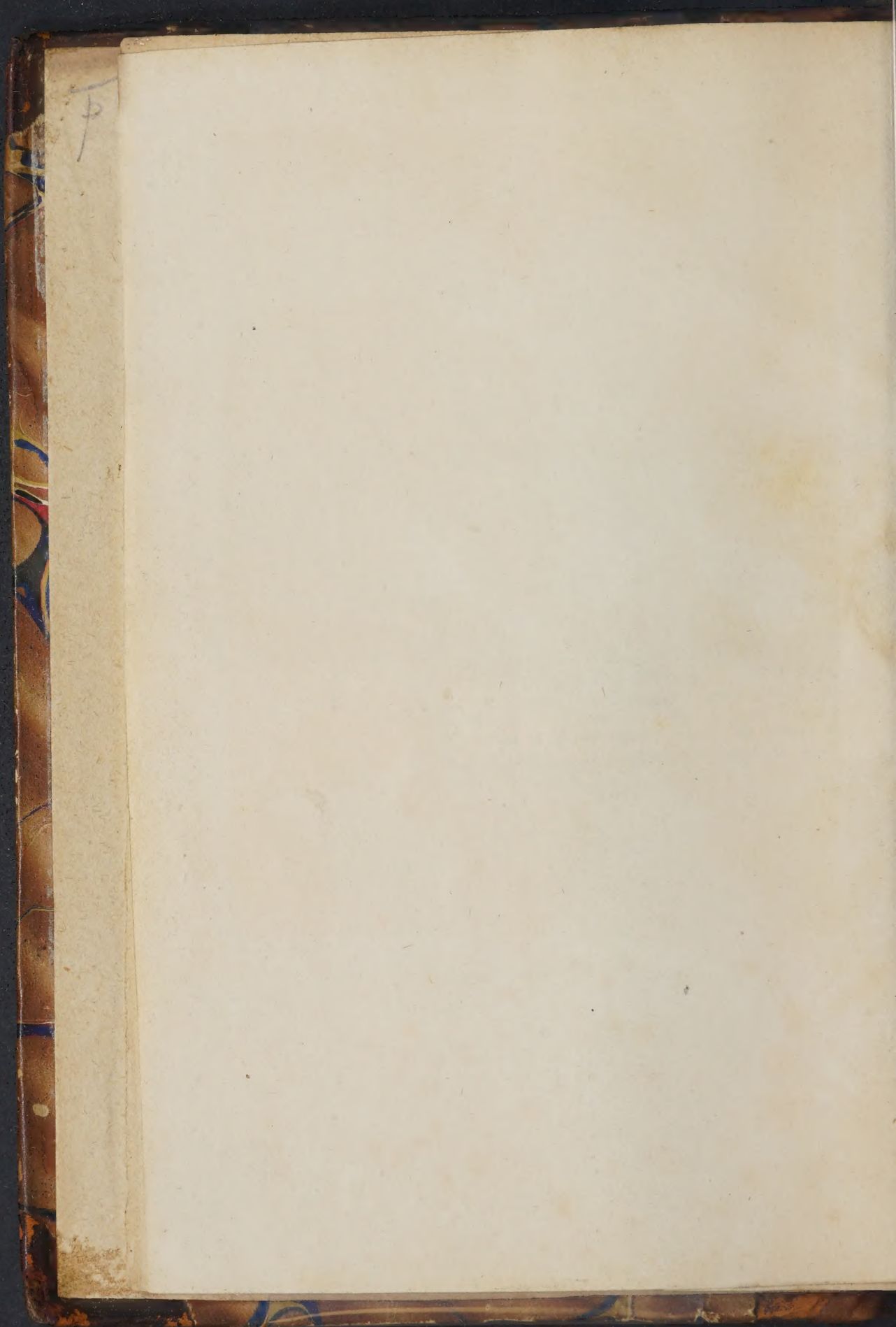
also edited Hamlet as a
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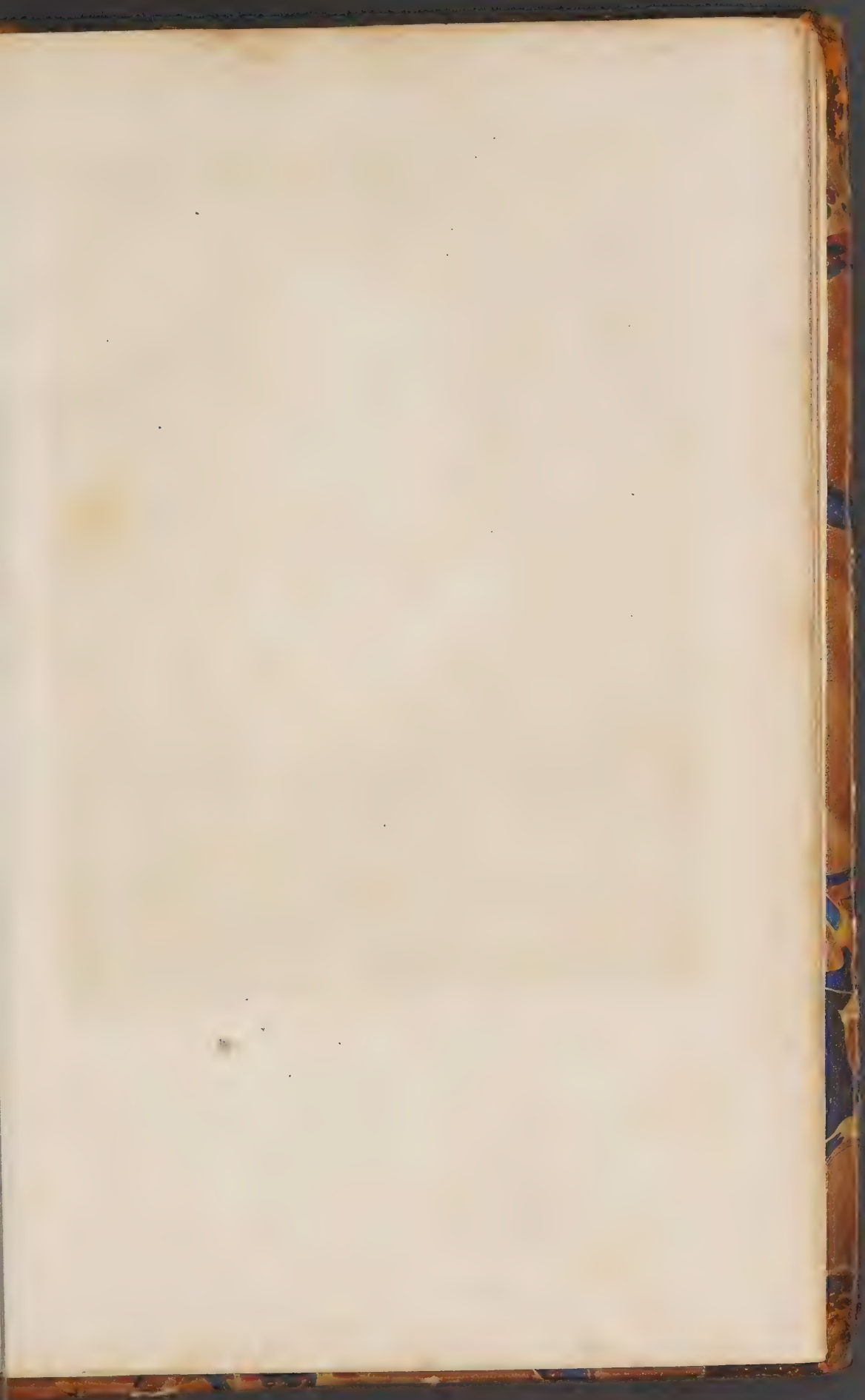


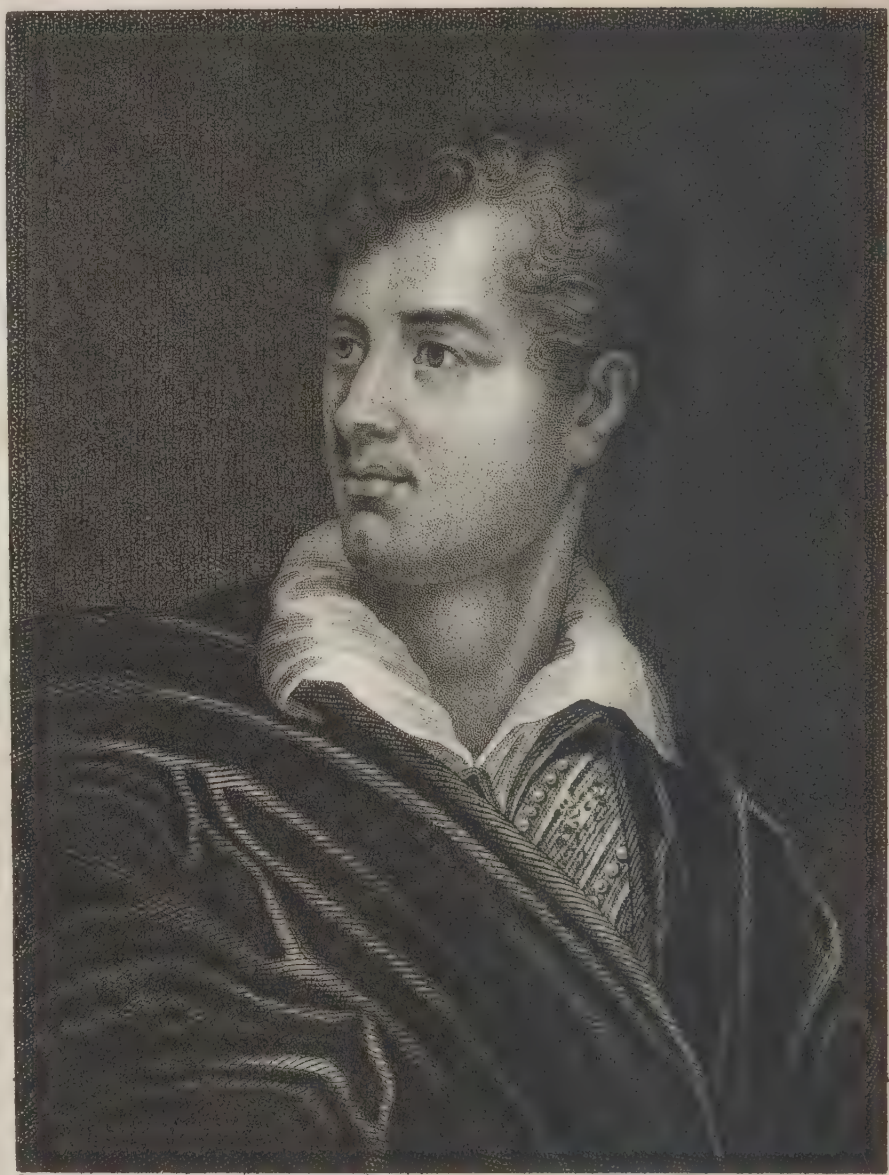


his biographer. If we open Childe Harold, the Corsair, Lara, the Giaour, but, more than all, that Casti production,* Don Juan, we are re-

* It is to the Novelle of Casti, not to Pulci, as Lord Byron would have us believe in his translation, expressly enfeebled, that he is indebted for the idea of Beppo, the Vision of Judgment, and Don Juan. The incident of the shoe was suggested by the Calgoni Ricamati, the shipwreck from the Diavelessa, the description of Michael the archangel in the Vision of Judgment from the Caso di Coscienza—as may be seen from the free and hasty translations below. Perhaps in a second paper I may point out some other plagiarisms from Casti, this *lucus à non lucendo*. It is to be lamented that, poet, wit, humorist, philosopher, satirist, and moralist, as he was, he should have stained his compositions with such licentiousness, that Mr. Wellesley Pole said he would not trust his children to the care of any one who had read the Novelle. In the Vision of Judgment, stanza xxviii.







((Lord Byron.))

DON JUAN.

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“Difficile est proprie communia dicere.”

HOR. *Epist. ad Pison.*

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AN EXACT COPY FROM THE QUARTO EDITION.

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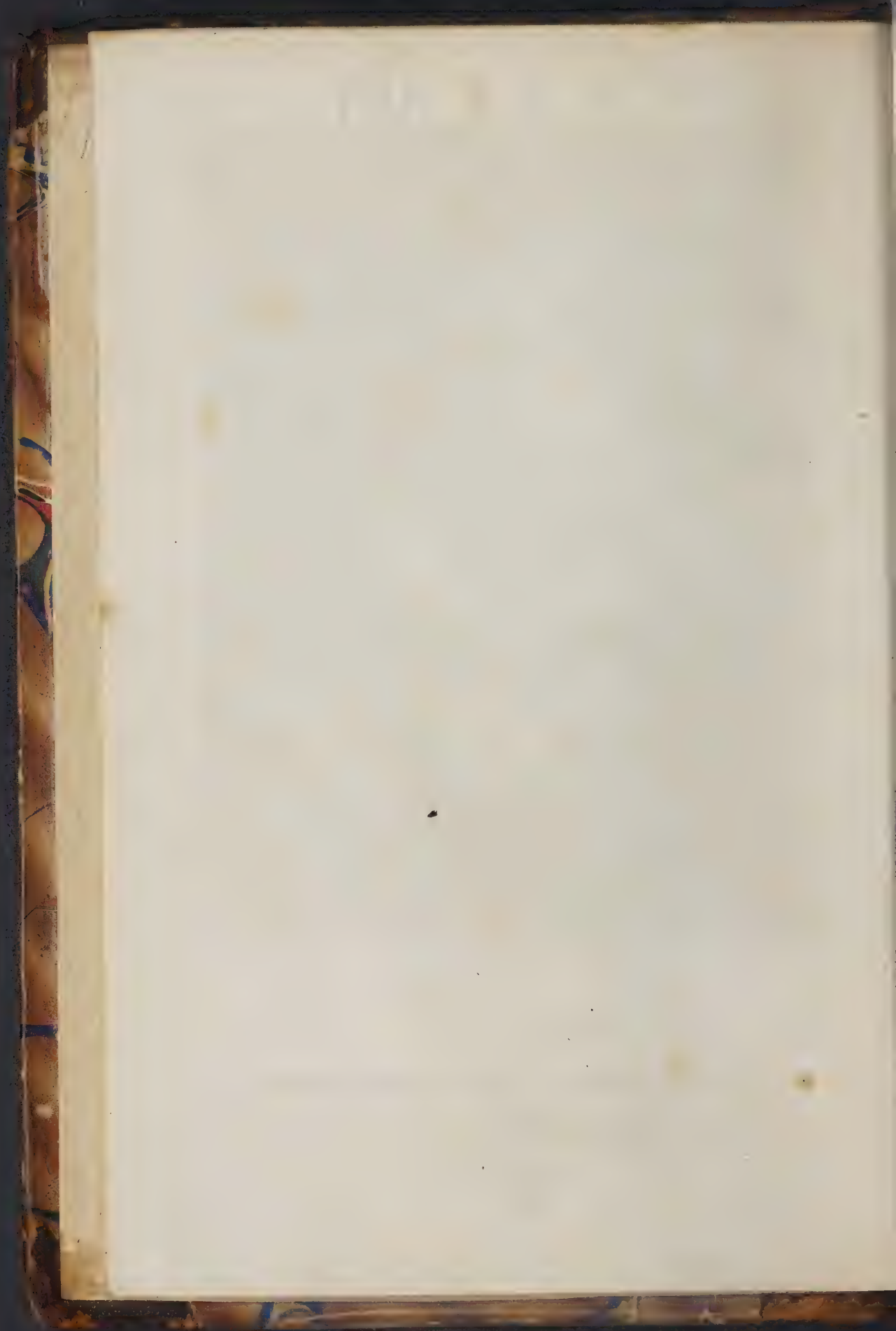
LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. ONWHYN, NO. 4, CATHERINE-STREET,  
STRAND.

*Price Four Shillings.*

==  
1819.





**DON JUAN.**

**CANTO I.**



The chief object of satire in the  
poem supposed was Robert Southey.

Mixing offensive & disgusting Truities  
& Buffoonery with his best & most la:  
: bordered & gravest passages, the  
whole is penned in a style, in every  
respect as careless as the air, with which  
he seems every where to be laughing in  
your face for your folly in beco:  
: ming his dupe, & at a senseless <sup>r</sup>poor  
poor Easing fragments (however spirit:  
: led here & there with tales of truth  
hampered & most unprincipled.

x The price of the Quarto Edit.  
intended at two guineas was published  
at 1.11.6. After this publication the  
8vo was published at 0.9.6.

# DON JUAN.

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## CANTO I.

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### I.

I WANT a hero : an uncommon want,  
When every year and month sends forth a new one,  
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,  
The age discovers he is not the true one ;  
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,  
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan,  
We all have seen him in the Pantomime  
Sent to the devil, somewhat ere his time.

### II.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,  
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,  
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,  
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now ;  
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,  
Followers of fame, " nine farrow " of that sow :  
France, too, had Buonaparté and Dumourier,  
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

### III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,  
Petion, Cloodz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,  
Were French, and famous people, as we know ;  
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,  
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Dessaix, Moreau,  
With many of the military set,  
Exceedingly remarkable at times,  
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

~ At Culloden : an insult to Legitimate Royalty,  
when these Lambs, Buonaparte, Marat, have no  
~ in the British.



## IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,  
 And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd ;  
 There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,  
 'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd ;  
 Because the army's grown more popular,  
 At which the naval people are concern'd :  
 Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,  
 Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

## V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon (I)  
 And since, exceeding valorous and sage,  
 A good deal like him too, though quite the same none ;  
 But then they shone not on the poet's page,  
 And so have been forgotten :—I condemn none,  
 But can't find any in the present age  
 Fit for my poem, (that is for my new one) ;  
 So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

## VI.

Most epic poets plunge in " medias res,"  
 (Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road)  
 And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,  
 What went before—by way of episode,  
 While seated after dinner at his ease,  
 Beside his mistress in some soft abode,  
 Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,  
 Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

## VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—  
 My way is to begin with the beginning ;  
 The regularity of my design  
 Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning,  
 And therefore I shall open with a line  
 (Although it cost me half an hour in spinning)  
 Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,  
 And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

## VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,  
 Famous for oranges and women—he  
 Who has not seen it will be much to pity,  
 So says the proverb—and I quite agree;  
 Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,  
 Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may see:  
 Don Juan's parent's lived beside the river,  
 A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

## IX.

His father's name was Jôse—*Don*, of course,  
 A true Hidalgo, free from every stain  
 Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his course,  
 Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;  
 A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,  
 Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,  
 Than Jôse, who begot our hero, who  
 Begot—but that's to come——Well, to renew:

## X.

His mother was a learned lady, famed  
 For every branch of every science known—  
 In every christian language ever named,  
 With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,  
 She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,  
 And even the good with inward envy groan,  
 Finding themselves so very much exceeded  
 In their own way by all the things that she did.

## XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart  
 All Calderon and greater part of *Lopè*,  
 So that if any actor miss'd his part  
 She could have served him for a prompter's copy;  
 For her *Feinagle's* were an useless art,  
 And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he  
 Could never make a memory so fine as  
 That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.



## XII.

Her favorite science was the mathematical,  
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,  
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,  
 Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;  
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I call  
 A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,  
 Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,  
 And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

## XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, “the Lord's prayer,”  
 And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure;  
 She read some French romances here and there,  
 Although her mode of speaking was not pure;  
 For native Spanish she had no great care,  
 At least her conversation was obscure;  
 Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,  
 As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

## XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,  
 And said there was analogy between 'em;  
 She proved it somehow out of sacred song,  
 But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen 'em  
 But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,  
 And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,  
 “'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means ‘I am,’  
 “The English always use to govern d—n.”

## XV.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Just as wife had Fantastically & in-  
 regularly (she married him) there can be no doubt  
 and having done this on full notice, she is intitled  
 to no pity or consideration. But still just as all  
 these things may be, they need not be  
 this is the real matter.*

## XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,  
 Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,  
 Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,  
 Or "Cœlebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,  
 Morality's prim personification,  
 In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,  
 To others' share let "female errors fall,"  
 For she had not even one—the worst of all.

## XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—  
 Of any modern female saint's comparison;  
 So far above the cunning powers of hell,  
 Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;  
 Even her minutest motions went as well  
 As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:  
 In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,  
 Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar! (2)

## XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is  
 Insipid in this naughty world of ours,  
 Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss  
 Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,  
 Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,  
 (I wonder how they got through the twelve hours)  
 Don José, like a lineal son of Eve,  
 Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

## XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,  
 With no great love for learning, or the learn'd,  
 Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,  
 And never dream'd his lady was concern'd:  
 The world, as usual, wickedly inclined  
 To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,  
 Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,  
 But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

~ of himself he dared not, when he pro-  
 : claimed he would tell half the world.  
 He will learn as soon as he can.



## XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,  
A great opinion of her own good qualities ;  
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,  
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities ;  
But then she had a devil of a spirit,  
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,  
And let few opportunities escape  
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

## XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man  
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard ;  
And even the wisest, do the best they can,  
Have moments, hours, and days, so-unprepared,  
That you might " brain them with their lady's fan ;"  
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,  
And fans turn into falcions in fair hands,  
And why and wherefore no one understaads.

## XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed  
With persons of no sort of education,  
Or gentlemen, who, though well-born and bred,  
Grow tired of scientific conversation :  
I don't choose to say much upon this head,  
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,  
But—Oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,  
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all ?

## XXIII.

Don José and his lady quarrell'd—*why*,  
Not any of the many could divine,  
Though several thousand people chose to try,  
'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine ;  
I loathe that low vice curiosity,  
But if there's any thing in which I shine  
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,  
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

## XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best  
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind ;  
I think the foolish people were possess'd,  
For neither of them could I ever find ;  
Although their porter afterwards confess'd—  
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,  
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,  
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

## XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,  
And mischief-making monkey from his birth ;  
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting  
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth ,  
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in  
Their senses, they'd have sent young master forth  
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,  
To teach him manners for the time to come.

## XXVI.

Don J6se and the Donna Inez led  
For some time an unhappy sort of life,  
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead ;  
They lived respectably as man and wife,  
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,  
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,  
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,  
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

## XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,  
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,  
But as he had some lucid intermissions,  
She next decided he was only *bad* ;  
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,  
No sort of explanation could be had,  
Save that her duty both to man and God  
Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd.



## XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,  
 And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,  
 All which might, if occasion served, be quoted ;  
 And then she had all Seville for abettors,  
 Besides her good old grandmother (who doted) ;  
 The hearers of her case became repeaters,  
 Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,  
 Some for amusement, others for old grudges,

## XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore  
 With such serenity her husband's woes,  
 Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,  
 Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose  
 Never to say a word about them more—  
 Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,  
 And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,  
 That all the world exclaim'd; "What magnanimity !

## XXX.

No doubt, this patience, when the world is damning us,  
 Is philosophic in our former friends ;  
 'Tis also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,  
 The more so in obtaining our own ends ;  
 And what the lawyers call a *malus animus*,"  
 Conduct like this by no means comprehends :  
 Revenge in person 's certainly no virtue,  
 But then 'tis not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you.

## XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,  
 And help them with a lie or two additional ;  
 I'm not to blame, as you well know; no more is  
 Any one else—they were become traditional ;  
 Besides, their resurrection aids our glories  
 By contrast which is what we just were wishing all :  
 And science profits by this resurrection—  
 Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

## XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,  
Then their relations, who made matters worse ;  
( 'Twere hard to tell upon a like occasion  
To whom it may be best to have recourse—  
I can't say much for friend or yet relation ) :  
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,  
But scarce a fee was paid on either side  
Before, unluckily Don Jòse died.

## XXXIII.

He died : and most unluckily, because,  
According to all hints I could collect  
From counsel learned in those kinds of laws,  
(Although their talk's obscure and circumspect)  
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause ;  
A thousand pities also with respect  
To public feeling, which on this occasion  
Was manifested in a great sensation.

## XXXIV.

But ah ! he died ; and buried with him lay  
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees :  
His house was sold, his servants sent away,  
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,  
A priest the other—at least so they say ;  
I ask'd the doctors after his disease,  
He died of the slow fever, call'd the tertian,  
And left his widow to her own aversion.

## XXXV.

Yet Jòse was an honourable man,  
That I must say, who knew him very well ;  
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,  
Indeed there were not many more to tell ;  
And if his passions now and then outran  
Discretion, and were not so peaceable  
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),  
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.



## XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,  
 Poor fellow ! he had many things to wound him,  
 Let's own, since it can do no good on earth ;  
 It was a trying moment that which found him  
 Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,  
 Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him ;  
 No choice was left his feelings or his pride  
 Save death or Doctor's Commons—so he died.

## XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir  
 To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lands,  
 Which, with a long minority and care,  
 Promised to turn out well in proper hands :  
 Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,  
 And answer'd but to nature's just demands ;  
 An only son left with an only mother  
 Is brought up much more wisely than another.

## XXXIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she  
 Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,  
 And worthy of the noblest pedigree :  
 (His sire was of Castile, his dam from Arragon).  
 Then for accomplishments of chivalry,  
 In case our lord the king should go to war again,  
 He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,  
 And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

## XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,  
 And saw into herself, each day before all  
 The learned tutors whom for him she hired,  
 Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral ;  
 Much into all his studies she inquired,  
 And so they were submitted first to her, all,  
 Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery  
 To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

## XL.

The languages, especially the dead,  
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,  
The arts, at least all such as could be said  
To be the most remote from common use,  
In all these he was much and deeply read ;  
But not a page of any thing that's loose,  
Or hints continuation of the species,  
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.

## XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,  
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,  
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,  
But never put on pantaloons or boddices ;  
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,  
And for their *Æneids*, *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*,  
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,  
For Donna Inez dreaded the mythology.

## XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,  
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,  
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,  
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,  
Although (3) Longinus tells us there is no hymn  
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample ;  
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one  
Beginning with "*Formosum Pastor Corydon*."

## XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong  
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food ;  
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,  
Although no doubt his real intent was good,  
For speaking out so plainly in his song,  
So much indeed as to be downright rude ;  
And then what proper person can be partial  
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial ?



## XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,  
Expurgated by learned men, who place,  
Judiciously from out the schoolboy's vision,  
The grosser parts; but fearful to deface  
Too much their modest bard by this omission,  
And pitying sore his mutilated case,  
They only add them all in an appendix, (4)  
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;

## XLV.

For there we have them all at one fell swoop,  
Instead of being scatter'd through the pages;  
They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,  
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,  
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop  
To call them back into their separate cages,  
Instead of standing staring altogether,  
Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

## XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)  
Was ornamented in a sort of way  
Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all  
Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,  
Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,  
Could turn their optics to the text and pray  
Is more than I know—but Don Juan's mother  
Kept this herself, and gave her son another,

## XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,  
And homilies, and lives of all the saints;  
To Jerom and to Chrysostom inured,  
He did not take such studies for restraints;  
But how faith is acquired, and then insured  
So well not one of the aforesaid paints  
As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,  
Which make the reader envy his transgressions.

## XLVIII.

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—

I can't but say that his mamma was right,  
If such an education was the true one.

She scarcely trusted him from out her sight ;  
Her maids were old, and if she took a new one

You might be sure she was a perfect fright,  
She did this during even her husband's life—  
I recommend as much to every wife.

## XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in goodliness and grace ;

At six a charming child, and at eleven  
With all the promise of as fine a face

As e'er to man's maturer growth was given :  
He studied steadily, and grew apace,

And seem'd, at least, in the right road to heaven,  
For half his days were pass'd at church, the other  
Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

## L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,

At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy ;  
Although in infancy a little wild,

They tamed him down amongst them ; to destroy  
His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd,

At least it seem'd so ; and his mother's joy  
Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,  
Her young philosopher was grown already.

## LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,

But what I say is neither here nor there :  
I knew his father well, and have some skill

In character—but it would not be fair  
From sire to son to augur good or ill :

He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—  
But scandal's my aversion—I protest  
Against all evil speaking, even in jest.



## LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but  
*This* I will say—my reasons are my own—  
 That if I had an only son to put  
 To school (as God be praised that I have none)  
 'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut  
 Him up to learn his catechism alone,  
 No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,  
 For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

## LIII.

For there one learns—'tis not for me to boast,  
 Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,  
 As well as all the Greek I since have lost :  
 I say that there's the place—but "*Verbum sat*,"  
 I think, I pick'd up too, as well as most,  
 Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*—  
 I never married—but, I think, I know  
 That sons should not be educated so.

## LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,  
 Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit; he seemed  
 Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;  
 And every body but his mother deem'd  
 Him almost man; but she flew in a rage,  
 And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd),  
 If any said so, for to be precocious  
 Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

## LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all  
 Selected for discretion and devotion,  
 There was the Donna Julia, whom to call  
 Pretty were but to give a feeble notion  
 Of many charms in her as natural  
 As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,  
 Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,  
 (But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

## LVI.

The darkness of her oriental eye  
Accorded with her Moorish origin !  
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by ;  
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin.)  
When proud Grenada fell, and, forced to fly,  
Bồddil wept, of Donna Julia's kin  
Some went to Africa, some staid in Spain,  
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain.

## LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)  
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down  
His blood less noble than such blood should be ;  
At such alliances his sires would frown,  
In that point so precise in each degree  
That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,  
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and nieces,  
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

## LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,  
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh ;  
For, from a root, the ugliest in Old Spain  
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh ;  
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain :  
But there's a rumour, which I fain would hush,  
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma  
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

## LIX.

However this might be, the race went on  
Improving still through every generation,  
Until it center'd in an only son,  
Who left an only daughter ; my narration  
May have suggested that this single one  
Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion  
I shall have much to speak about), and she  
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three,



## LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)  
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire  
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise  
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,  
And love than either; and there would arise  
A something in them which was not desire,  
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul  
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

## LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow  
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;  
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,  
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,  
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,  
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,  
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common:  
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

## LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man  
Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;  
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE  
'Twere better to have TWO of five and twenty,  
Especially in countries near the sun:  
And now I think on't, "mi vien in mente,"  
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue  
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

## LXIII

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,  
And all the fault of that indecent sun,  
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,  
But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,  
That howsoever people fast and pray  
The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:  
What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,  
Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

## LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral north !

Where all is virtue, and the winter season  
Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth ;  
( 'Twas snow that brought St. Anthony to reason ) ;  
Where juries cast up what a wife is worth  
By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they please on  
The lover, who must pay a handsome price,  
Because it is a marketable vice.

## LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,  
A man well looking for his years, and who  
Was neither much beloved, nor yet abhorr'd ;  
They lived together as most people do,  
Suffering each other's foibles by accord,  
And not exactly either *one or two* ;  
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,  
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it,

## LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—  
With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend ;  
Between their tastes there was small sympathy,  
For not a line had Julia ever penn'd :  
Some people whisper (but, no doubt they lie,  
For malice still imputes some private end)  
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,  
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage ;

## LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connexion,  
Which time had lately render'd much more chaste,  
She took his lady also in affection,  
And certainly this course was much the best :  
She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,  
And complimented Don Alfonso's taste ;  
And if she could not (who can ?) silence scandal,  
At least she left it a more slender handle.



## LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair  
 With other people's eyes, or if her own  
 Discoveries made, but none could be aware  
 Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown;  
 Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,  
 Indifferent from the first, or callous grown:  
 I'm really puzzled what to think or say,  
 She kept her counsel in so close a way.

## LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,  
 Caress'd him often, such a thing might be  
 Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,  
 When she had twenty years, and thirteen he;  
 But I am not so sure I should have smiled  
 When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three,  
 These few short years make wondrous alterations,  
 Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

## LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become  
 Changed; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy,  
 Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,  
 And much embarrassment in either eye;  
 There surely will be little doubt with some  
 That Donna Julia knew the reason why,  
 But as for Juan, he had no more notion  
 Than he who never saw the sea of ocean.

## LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,  
 And tremulously gentle her small hand  
 Withdrew itself from his, but left behind  
 A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland  
 And slight, so very slight, that to the mind  
 'Twas but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand  
 Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art  
 Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

## LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,  
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,  
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store  
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while,  
For that compression in its burning core ;  
Even innocence itself has many a wile,  
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,  
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

## LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles yet betrays  
Even by its darkness ; as the blackest sky  
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays  
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,  
And in whatever aspect it arrays  
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy ;  
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,  
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

## LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,  
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,  
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,  
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left ;  
All these are little preludes to possession,  
Of which young Passion cannot be bereft,  
And merely tend to show how greatly Love is  
Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

## LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state ;  
She felt it going, and resolved to make  
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,  
For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake ;  
Her resolutions were most truly great,  
And almost might have made a Tarquin quake ;  
She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,  
As being the best judge of a lady's case.



## LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,  
And next day paid a visit to his mother,  
And look'd extremely at the opening door,  
Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;  
Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—  
Again it opens, it can be no other,  
'Tis surely Juan now—No! I'm afraid  
That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

## LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman  
Should rather face and overcome temptation,  
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man  
Should ever give her heart the least sensation;  
That is to say, a thought beyond the common  
Preference, that we must feel upōn occasion,  
For people who are pleasanter than others,  
But then they only seem so many brothers.

## LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?  
The devil's so very sly—she should discover  
That all within was not so very well,  
And, if still free, that such or such a lover  
Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell  
Such thoughts, and be the better when they're over;  
And if the man should ask, 'tis but denial:  
I recommend young ladies to make trial.

## LXXIX.

And there are such things as love divine,  
Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,  
Such as the angels think so very fine,  
And matrons, who would be no less secure,  
Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine:"  
Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure,  
And so I'd have her think, were I the man  
On whom her reveries celestial ran.

## LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist  
Between young persons without any danger,  
A hand may first, and then a lip be kist ;  
For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,  
But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list  
Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger ;  
If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,  
But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

## LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,  
Was Julia's innocent determination  
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its  
Exertion might be useful on occasion ;  
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its  
Etherial lustre, with what sweet persuasion  
He might be taught, by love and her together—  
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

## LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced  
In mail of proof—her purity of soul,  
She, for the future of her strength convinced,  
And that her honour was a rock, or mole,  
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed  
With any kind of troublesome control ;  
But whether Julia to the task was equal  
Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.

## LXXXIII.

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,  
And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen  
Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that's seizable,  
Or if they did so, satisfied to mean  
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable—  
A quiet conscience makes one so serene !  
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded  
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.



## LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,  
 But heaven forbid that such a thought should cross  
 Her brain, though in a dream ! (and then she sigh'd)  
 Never could she survive that common loss ;  
 But just suppose that moment should betide,  
 I only say suppose it—*inter nos*,  
 (This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought  
 In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought.)

## LXXXV.

I only say suppose this supposition :  
 Juan being then grown up to man's estate  
 Would fully suit a widow of condition,  
 Even seven years hence it would not be too late ;  
 And in the interim (to pursue this vision)  
 The mischief, after all, could not be great,  
 For he would learn the rudiments of love,  
 I mean the seraph way of those above.

## LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan,  
 Poor little fellow ! he had no idea  
 Of his own case, and never hit the true one ;  
 In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,  
 He puzzled over what he found a new one,  
 But not as yet imagined it could be a  
 Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,  
 Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

## LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,  
 His home deserted for the lonely wood,  
 Tormented with a wound he could not know,  
 His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude :  
 I'm fond myself of solitude or so,  
 But then, I beg it may be understood,  
 By solitude I mean a sultan's, not  
 A hermit's, with a haram for a grot.

## LXXXVIII.

“ Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,  
 “ Where transport and security entwine,  
 “ Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,  
 “ And here thou art a god indeed divine.”

The bard I quote from does not sing amiss, (5)  
 With the exception of the second line,  
 For that same twining “ transport and security”  
 Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

## LXXXIX

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals  
 To the good sense and senses of mankind,  
 The very thing which every body feels,  
 As all have found on trial, or may find,  
 That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals  
 Or love.—I won't say more about “ entwined”  
 Or “ transport,” as we knew all that before,  
 But beg “ Security” will bolt the door.

## XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks  
 Thinking unutterable things; he threw  
 Himself at length within the leafy nooks  
 Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;  
 There poets find materials for their books,  
 And every now and then we read them through,  
 So that their plan and prosody are eligible,  
 Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible.

## XCI.

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth) so pursued  
 His self-communion with his own high soul,  
 Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,  
 Had mitigated part, though not the whole  
 Of its disease; he did the best he could  
 With things not very subject to control,  
 And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,  
 Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.



## XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,  
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,  
And how the deuce they ever could have birth;  
And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,  
How many miles the moon might have in girth,  
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars  
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies;  
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

## XCIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern  
Longings sublime, and aspirations high,  
Which some are born with, but the most part learn  
To plague themselves withal, they know not why :  
'Twas strange that one so young should thus concern  
His brain about the action of the sky ;  
If *you* think 'twas philosophy that this did,  
I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

## XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,  
And heard a voice in all the winds ; and then  
He thought of wood nymphs and immortal bowers,  
And how the goddesses came down to men :  
He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,  
And when he look'd upon his watch again,  
He found how much old Time had been a winner—  
He also found that he had lost his dinner.

## XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,  
Boscan, or Garcilasso ;—by the wind  
Even as the page is rustled while we look,  
So by the poesy of his own mind  
Over the mystic leaf, his soul was shook,  
As if 'twere one whereon magicians bind  
Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,  
According to some good old woman's tale.

## XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away  
Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted ;  
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,  
Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,  
A bosom whereon he his head might lay,  
And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,  
With——several other things, which I forget,  
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

## XCVII.

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,  
Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes ;  
She saw that Juan was not at his ease ;  
But that which chiefly may, and must surprise,  
Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease  
Her only son with question or surmise ;  
Whether it was she did not see, or would not,  
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

## XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very common ;  
For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take  
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,  
And break the——Which commandment is't they break !  
(I have forgot the number, and think no man  
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)  
I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,  
They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

## XCIX,

A real husband always is suspicious,  
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,  
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,  
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace  
By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious ;  
The last indeed's infallibly the case :  
And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly,  
He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.



## C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted ;

Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,  
The while the wicked world beholds delighted,

Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,  
Till some confounded escapade<sup>x</sup> has blighted

The plan of twenty years, and all is over ;  
And then the mother cries, the father swears,  
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

## CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear

Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,  
She had some other motive much more near

For leaving Juan to this new temptation ;  
But what that motive was, I sha'n't say here ;

Perhaps to finish Juan's education,  
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,  
In case he thought his wife too great a-prize.

## CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day ;—

Summer's indeed a very dangerous season,  
And so is spring about the end of May ;

The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason ;  
But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,

And stand convicted of more truth than treason,  
That there are months which nature grows more merry in ;  
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

## CIII.

'Twas on a summer's day—the sixth of June :—

I like to be particular in dates,  
Not only of the age, and year, but moon ;

They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates  
Change horses, making history change its tune,

Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,  
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,  
Excepting the post-obits of theology.

21.

*x mad prank. échappée Fr.*

## CIV.

'Twas on the sixth of June, about the hour  
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven,  
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower  
As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven  
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,  
To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,  
With all the trophies of triumphant song—  
He won them well, and may he wear them long !

## CV.

She sate, but not alone ; I know not well  
How this same interview had taken place,  
And even if I knew, I should not tell—  
People should hold their tongues in any case ;  
No matter how or why the thing befel,  
But there were she and Juan, face to face—  
When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,  
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

## CVI.

How beautiful she look'd ! her conscious heart  
Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong.  
Oh Love ! how perfect is thy mystic art,  
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong,  
How self-deceitful is the sagest part  
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along—  
The precipice she stood on was immense,  
So was her creed in her own innocence.

## CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,  
And of the folly of all prudish fears,  
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,  
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years :  
I wish these last had not occur'd, in sooth,  
Because that number rarely much endears,  
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,  
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.



## CVIII.

When people say, "I've told you *fifty* times,"  
 They mean to scold, and very often do;  
 When poets say, "I've written *fifty* rhymes,"  
 They make you dread that they'll recite them too;  
 In gangs of *fifty* thieves commit their crimes;  
 At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true,  
 But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,  
 A good deal may be bought for fifty Louis.

## CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love,  
 For Don Alfonso; and she inly swore,  
 By all the vows below to powers above,  
 She never would disgrace the ring she wore,  
 Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove:  
 And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,  
 One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,  
 Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own;

## CX.

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,  
 Which play'd within the tangles of her hair;  
 And to contend with thoughts she could not smother,  
 She seem'd by the distraction of her air.  
 'Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother  
 To leave together this imprudent pair,  
 She who for many years had watch'd her son so—  
 I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

## CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees  
 Gently, but palpably confirm'd its grasp,  
 As if it said "detain me, if you please;"  
 Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp  
 His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze;  
 She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,  
 Had she imagined such a thing could rouse  
 A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

## CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,  
But what he did, is much what you would do;  
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,  
And then abash'd at its own joy, withdrew  
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,  
Love is so very timid when 'tis new:  
She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,  
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

## CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:  
The devil's in the moon for mischief; they  
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks began too soon  
Their nomenclature; there is not a day,  
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,  
Sees half the business in a wicked way  
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—  
And then she looks so modest all the while.

## CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control;  
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws  
A loving languor, which is not repose.

## CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced  
And half retiring from the glowing arm,  
Which trembled like the bosom, where 'twas placed;  
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,  
Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist:  
But then the situation had its charm,  
And then—God knows what next—I can't go on;  
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.



## CXVI.

Oh Plato ! Plato ! you have paved the way,  
With your confounded fantasies, to more  
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway  
Your system feigns o'er the controlless core  
Of human hearts, than all the long array  
Of poets and romancers :—You're a bore,  
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,  
At best, no better than a go-between.

## CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,  
Until too late for useful conversation ;  
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,  
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion,  
But who, alas ! can love and then be wise ?  
Not that remorse did not oppose temptation,  
A little still she strove, and much repented,  
And whispering " I will ne'er consent"—consented.

## CXVIII.

'Tis said that Xerxes offer'd a reward  
To those who could invent him a new pleasure ;  
Methinks, the requisition 's rather hard,  
And must have cost his majesty a treasure :  
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,  
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure) ;  
I care not for new pleasures, as the old  
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

## CXIX.

Oh Pleasure ! you're indeed a pleasant thing,  
Although one must be damn'd for you, no doubt ;  
I make a resolution every spring  
Of reformation, ere the year run out,  
But, somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,  
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout :  
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,  
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.

## CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—

Start not ! still chaster reader—she'll be nice hence-  
Forward, and there is no great cause to quake ;

This liberty is a poetic licence,  
Which some irregularity may make  
In the design, and as I have a high sense  
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 'tis fit  
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

## CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will

Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,  
Without whose epoch my poetic skill

For want of facts would all be thrown away),  
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still

In sight, that several months have pass'd ; we'll say  
'Twas in November, but I'm not so sure  
About the day—the era's more obscure.

## CXXII.

We'll talk of that anon.—'Tis sweet to hear

At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,

By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep ;  
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;

'Tis sweet to listen as the nightwinds creep  
From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

## CXXIII.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come :  
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,

Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.



## CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth  
Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes  
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,  
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,  
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

## CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet  
The unexpected death of some old lady  
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,  
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too long already  
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,  
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,  
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its  
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

## CXXVI.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels  
By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end  
To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,  
Particularly with a tiresome friend ;  
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;  
Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
Against the world ; and dear the schoolboy spot  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

## CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,  
Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;  
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—  
And life yields nothing further to recall  
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

## CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use

Of his own nature, and the various arts,

And likes particularly to produce

Some new experiment to show his parts ;

This is the age of oddities let loose,

Where different talents find their different marts ;

You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your

Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

## CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen !

(Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)

One makes new noses, one a guillotine,

One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets ;

But vaccination certainly has been

A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,

\* \* \* \* \*

## CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes ;

And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,

But has not answer'd like the apparatus

Of the Humane Society's beginning,

By which men are unsuffocated gratis:

What wondrous new machines have late been spinning !

\* \* \* \* \*

## CXXXI.

\* \* \* \* \*



## CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions  
 For killing bodies, and for saving souls,  
 All propagated with the best intentions;  
 Sir Humphrey Davy's lantern, by which coals  
 Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,  
 Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles,  
 Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,  
 Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo. ~

## CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,  
 And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;  
 'Tis pity though, in this sublime world, that  
 Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure;  
 Few mortals know what end they would be at,  
 But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,  
 The path is through perplexing ways, and when  
 The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and then——

## CXXXIV.

What then;—I do not know, no more do you—  
 And so good night.~Return we to our story:  
 'Twas in November, when fine days are few,  
 And the far mountains wax a little hoary,  
 And clap a white cape on their mantles blue;  
 And the sea dashes round the promontary,  
 And the loud breaker boils against the rock,  
 And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

## CXXXV.

'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;  
 No moon no stars, the wind was low or loud  
 By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright  
 With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;  
 There's something cheerful in that sort of light,  
 Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:  
 I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,  
 A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

~ ~ ~  
 whatever episodic or irregular is known  
 in it here to be pointed with Infamy, either in a

## CXXXVI.

'Twas midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,  
 Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door  
 Arose a clatter might awake the dead,  
 If they had never been awoke before,  
 And that they have been so we all have read,  
 And are to be so, at the least once more—  
 The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist  
 First knocks were heard, then “Madam—Madam—hist!”

## CXXXVII.

“For God’s sake, Madam—Madam—here’s my master,  
 “With more than half the city at his back—  
 “Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!  
 “’Tis not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack!  
 “Do, pray undo the bolt a little faster—  
 “They’re on the stair just now, and in a crack  
 “Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—  
 “Surely the window’s not so very high!”

## CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,  
 With torches, friends, and servants in great number;  
 The major part of them had long been wived,  
 And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber  
 Of any wicked woman, who contrived  
 By stealth her husband’s temples to encumber:  
 Examples of this kind are so contagious,  
 Were *one* not punish’d, *all* would be outrageous,

## CXXXIX.

I can’t tell how, or why, or what suspicion  
 Could enter into Don Alfonso’s head:  
 But for a cavalier of his condition  
 It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,  
 Without a word of previous admonition,  
 To hold a levee round his lady’s bed,  
 And summon lackeys, armed with fire and sword,  
 To prove himself the thing he most abhor’d.



## CXL.

Poor Donna Julia; starting as from sleep,  
 Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept)  
 Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;  
 Her maid Antonia, who was an adept,  
 Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,  
 As if she had just now from out them crept:  
 I can't tell why she should take all this trouble  
 To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

## CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,  
 Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who  
 Of goblin's, but still more of men afraid,  
 Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,  
 And therefore side by side were gently laid,  
 Until the hours of absence should run through,  
 And truant husband should return and say,  
 "My dear, I was the first who came away."

## CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,  
 "In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye mean?  
 "Has madness seized you? would that I had died  
 "Ere such a monster's victim I had been!  
 "What may this midnight violence betide,  
 "A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?  
 "Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill!  
 "Search, then, the room!"—Alfonso said, "I will."

## CXLIII.

*He* search'd, *they* search'd. and rummaged every where,  
 Closet and clothes'-press, chest and window-seat,  
 And found much linen, lace, and several pair  
 Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,  
 With other articles of ladies fair,  
 To keep them beautiful or leave them neat:  
 Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords,  
 And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

## CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—

No matter what—it was not that they sought ;  
They open'd windows, gazing if the ground  
Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought ;  
And then they stared each others' faces round :  
'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,  
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,  
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under,

## CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue

Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she cried,  
" Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong ;  
" It was for this that I became a bride !  
" For this in silence I have suffer'd long  
" A husband like Alfonso at my side ;  
" But now I'll hear no more, nor here remain,  
" If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

## CXLVI.

" Yes, Don Alfonso ! husband now no more,  
" If ever you indeed deserved the name,  
" Is't worthy of your years ?—you have threescore,  
" Fifty, or sixty—it is all the same—  
" Is't wise or fitting causeless to explore  
" For facts against a virtuous woman's fame ?  
" Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,  
" How dare you think your lady would go on so ?

## CXLVII.

" Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold  
" The common privileges of my sex ?  
" That I have chosen a confessor so old  
" And deaf, that any other it would vex,  
" And never once he has had cause to scold,  
" But found my very innocence perplex  
" So much, he always doubted I was married—  
" How sorry you will be when I've miscarried !



## CXLVIII.

- " Was it for this that no Cortejo ere  
 " I yet have chosen ~~from~~ out the youth of Seville?  
 " Is it for this I scarce went any where,  
 " Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?  
 " Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,  
 " I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil?  
 " Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,  
 " Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?

## CXLIX.

- " Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani  
 " Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?  
 " Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,  
 " Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?  
 " Were there not also Russians, English, many?  
 " The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,  
 " And Lord Mount Coffee-house, the Irish Peer,  
 " Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

## CL.

- " Have I not had two bishops at my feet?  
 " The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,  
 " And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?  
 " I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:  
 " I praise your vast forbearance not to beat  
 " Me also, since the time so opportune is—  
 " Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,  
 " Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

## CLI.

- " Was it for this you took your sudden journey,  
 " Under pretence of business indispensable  
 " With that sublime of rascals your attorney,  
 " Whom I see standing, there and looking sensible  
 " Of having play'd the fool? though both I spurn, he  
 " Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible.  
 " Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,  
 " And not from any love to you nor me.

## CLII.

- “ If he comes here to take a deposition,  
“ By all means let the gentleman proceed ;  
“ You’ve made the apartment in a fit condition :—  
“ There’s pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—  
“ Let every thing be noted with precision,  
“ I would not you for nothing should be feed—  
“ But as my maid’s undrest, pray turn your spies out.”  
“ Oh!” sobb’d Antonia, “ I could tear their eyes out.”

## CLIII.

- “ There is the closet, there the toilet, there  
“ The anti-chamber—search them under, over ;  
“ There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,  
“ The chimney—which would really hold a lover.  
“ I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care  
“ And make no further noise, till you discover  
“ The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—  
“ And when ’tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

## CLIV.

- “ And now, Hidalgo ! now that you have thrown  
“ Doubt upon me, confusion over all,  
“ Pray have the courtesy to make it known—  
“ *Who* is the man you search for ? how d’ye call  
“ Him ? what’s his lineage ? let him but be shown—  
“ I hope he ’s young and handsome—is he tall ?  
“ Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain  
“ My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

## CLV.

- “ At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,  
“ At that age he would be too old for slaughter,  
“ Or for so young a husband’s jealous fears—  
“ (Antonia ! let me have a glass of water.)  
“ I am ashamed of having shed these tears,  
“ They are unworthy of my father’s daughter ;  
“ My mother dream’d not in my natal hour  
“ That I should fall into a monster’s power.



## CLVI.

“ Perhaps ’tis of Antonia you are jealous,  
“ You saw that she was sleeping by my side  
“ When you broke in upon us with your fellows :  
“ Look where you please—we’ve nothing, sir, to hide ;  
“ Only another time, I trust you’ll tell us,  
“ Or for the sake of decency abide  
“ A moment at the door, that we may be  
“ Drest to receive so much good company.

## CLVII.

“ And now, sir, I have done, and say no more ;  
“ The little I have said may serve to show  
“ The guileless heart in silence may grieve o’er  
“ The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow :—  
“ I leave you to your conscience as before,  
“ ’Twill one day ask you *why* you used me so ?  
“ God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief !  
“ Antonia, where’s my pocket-handkerchief ?”

## CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn’d upon her pillow ; pale  
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,  
Like skies that rain and lighten ; as a veil,  
Waved and o’er shading her wan cheek, appears  
Her streaming hair ; the black curls strive, but fail,  
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears  
Its snow through all ;—her soft lips lie apart,  
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

## CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused ;  
Antonia bustled round the ransack’d room,  
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused  
Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom  
Not one, except the attorney, was amused ;  
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,  
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,  
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

## CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,  
Following Antonia's motions here and there,  
With much suspicion in his attitude;  
For reputations he had little care;  
So that a suit or action were made good,  
Small pity had he for the young and fair,  
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these  
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

## CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,  
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure:  
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,  
And treating a young wife with so much rigour,  
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,  
Added to those his lady with such vigour  
Had pour'd upon him for the last half-hour,  
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

## CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,  
To which the sole reply were tears, and sobs,  
And indications of hysterics, whose  
Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,  
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose:—  
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;  
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,  
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

## CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,  
But sage Antonia cut him short before  
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,  
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,  
"Or madam dies."—Alfonso mutter'd "D—n her,"  
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er;  
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,  
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.



## CLXIV.

With him retired his "*posse comitatus*,"  
 The attorney last, who linger'd near the door;  
 Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as  
 Antonia let him—not a little sore  
 At this most strange and unexplain'd "*hiatus*."  
 In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore  
 An awkward look; as he revolved the case  
 The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

## CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame!  
 Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh womankind!  
 How can you do such things and keep your fame,  
 Unless this world, and t'other too, be blind?  
 Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name!  
 But to proceed—for there is more behind:  
 With much heart-felt reluctance be it said,  
 Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed.

## CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say  
 How, nor can I indeed describe the where—  
 Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,  
 No doubt, in little compass, round or square;  
 But pity him I neither must nor may  
 His suffocation by that pretty pair;  
 'Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut  
 With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

## CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not because  
 He had no business to commit a sin,  
 Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,  
 At least 'twas rather early to begin;  
 But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws  
 So much as when we call our old debts in  
 At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil,  
 And find a deuced balance with the devil.

## CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion :

'Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle,  
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,  
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,  
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,  
And that the medicine answer'd very well ;  
Perhaps 'twas in a different way applied,  
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

## CLXIX,

What's to be done ? Alfonso will be back

The moment he has sent his fools away.

Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,

But no device could be brought into play—  
And how to parry the renew'd attack ?

Besides, it wanted but few hours of day :

Antonia puzzled ; Julia did not speak,

But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

## CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand

Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair ;

Even then their love they could not all command,

And half forgot their danger and despair :

Antonia's patience now was at a stand—

“ Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling there,”

She whisper'd, in great wrath—“ I must deposit

“ This pretty gentleman within the closet :

## CLXXI.

“ Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier night—

“ Who can have put my master in this mood ?

“ What will become on't ?—I'm in such a fright,

“ The devil's in the urchin, and no good—

“ Is this a time for giggling ? this a plight ?

“ Why don't you know that it may end in blood ?

“ You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,

“ My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.



## CLXXII.

“ Had it but been for a stout cavalier  
“ Of twenty-five or thirty—(Come, make haste)  
“ But for a child, what piece of work is here!  
“ I really, madam, wonder at your taste—  
“ (Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near.  
“ There, for the present, at the least he’s fast,  
“ And, if we can but till the morning keep  
“ Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep.)”

## CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,  
Closed the oration of the trusty maid:  
She loiter’d, and he told her to be gone,  
An order somewhat sullenly obey’d;  
However, present remedy was none,  
And no great good seem’d answer’d if she staid:  
Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,  
She snuff’d the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

## CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun  
Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;  
He would not justify what he had done,  
To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;  
But there were ample reasons for it, none  
Of which he specified in this his pleading:  
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,  
Of rhetoric, which the learn’d call “*rigmarole*.”

## CLXXV.

Julia said nought; though all the while there rose  
A ready answer, which at once enables  
A matron, who her husband’s foible knows,  
By a few timely words to turn the tables,  
Which if it does not silence, still must pose,  
Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;  
’Tis to retort with firmness, and when he  
Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

## CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,  
Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known;  
But whether 'twas that one's own guilt confounds,  
But that can't be, as has been often shown,  
A lady with apologies abounds;  
It might be that her silence sprang alone  
From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,  
To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

## CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two,  
Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,  
Mention'd his jealousy, but never who  
Had been the happy lover, he concluded,  
Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true,  
His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;  
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,  
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

## CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;  
Silence is best, besides there is a *tact*  
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,  
But it will serve to keep my verse compact)  
Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough,  
A lady always distant from the fact—  
The charming creatures lie with such a grace,  
There's nothing so becoming to the face.

## CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I  
Have always done so; 'tis of no great use,  
In any case, attempting a reply,  
For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;  
And when at length they're out of breath, they sigh,  
And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose  
A tear or two. and then we make it up;  
And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup.



## CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,  
Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,  
And laid conditions, he thought, very hard on,  
Denying several little things he wanted :  
He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,  
With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,  
Beseeching she no further would refuse,  
When lo ! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

## CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes !—what then ? not much, if they  
Are such as fit with lady's feet, but these  
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)  
Were masculine : to see them, and to seize,  
Was but a moment's act.—Ah ! Well-a-day !  
My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—  
Alfonso first examined well their fashion,  
And then flew out into another passion.

## CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,  
And Julia instant to the closet flew.  
“ Fly, Juan, fly ! for heaven's sake—not a word—  
“ The door is open—you may yet slip through  
“ The passage you so often have explored—  
“ Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu !  
“ Haste—haste !—I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—  
“ Day has not broke—there's no one in the street.”

## CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,  
The only mischief was, it came too late ;  
Of all experience 'tis the usual price,  
A sort of income-tax laid on by fate :  
Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,  
And might have done so by the garden-gate,  
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,  
Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

## CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light,

Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia "Fire!"

But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.

Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,

Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night;

And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher,

His blood was up; though young he was a Tartar,

And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

## CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,

And they continued battling hand to hand,

For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;

His temper not being under great command,

If at that moment he had chance to claw it,

Alfonso's days had not been in the land

Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives!

And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

## CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,

And Juan throttled him to get away

And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow;

At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,

Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,

And then his only garment quite gave way;

He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,

I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

## CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids, who found

An awkward spectacle their eyes before;

Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,

Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door,

Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,

Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more:

Juan the gate gain'd turn'd the key about,

And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.



## CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,  
 How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,  
 Who favours what she should not, found his way,  
 And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight !  
 The pleasant scandal which arose next day,  
 The nine days' wonder which was brought to light,  
 And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,  
 Were in the English newspapers, of course.

## CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,  
 The depositions, and the cause at full,  
 The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings  
 Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,  
 There's more than one edition, and the readings  
 Are various, but they none of them are dull,  
 The best is that in short-hand ta'en by Gurney,  
 Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

## CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train  
 Of one of the most circulating scandals  
 That had for centuries been known in Spain,  
 At least since the retirement of the Vandals,  
 First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)  
 To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles ;  
 And then, by the advice of some old ladies,  
 She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

## CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through  
 All European climes, by land or sea,  
 To mend his former morals, and get new,  
 Especially in France and Italy,  
 (At least this is the thing most people do.)  
 Julia was sent into a convent : she  
 Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better  
 Shown in the following copy of her letter,

## CXCH.

- “ They tell me ’tis decided ; you depart :  
“ ’Tis wise—’tis well, but not the less a pain ;  
“ I have no further claim on your young heart,  
“ Mine is the victim, and would be again ;  
“ To love too much has been the only art  
“ I used ;—I write in haste, and if a stain  
“ Be on this sheet, ’tis not what it appears,  
“ My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

## CXCH.

- “ I loved, I love you, for this love have lost  
“ State, station, heaven, mankind’s, my own esteem,  
“ And yet can not regret what it hath cost,  
“ So dear is still the memory of that dream ;  
“ Yet, if I name my guilt, ’tis not to boast,  
“ None can deem harshlier of me than I deem :  
“ I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—  
“ I’ve nothing to reproach, or to request.

## CXCIV.

- “ Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart,  
“ ’Tis woman’s whole existence ; man may range  
“ The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,  
“ Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange  
“ Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
“ And few there are whom these can not estrange ;  
“ Men have all these resources, we but one,  
“ To love again, and be again undone.

## CXCV.

- “ You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,  
“ Beloved and loving many ; all is o’er  
“ For me on earth, except some years to hide  
“ My shame and sorrow deep in my heart’s core ;  
“ These I could bear, but cannot cast aside  
“ The passion which still rages as before,  
“ And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,  
“ That word is idle now—but let it go.



## CXCVI.

" My breast has been all weakness, is so yet ;  
 " But still I think I can collect my mind ;  
 " My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,  
 " As roll the waves before the settled wind ;  
 " My heart is feminine, nor can forget—  
 " To all, except one image, madly blind ;  
 " So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,  
 " As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

## CXCVII.

" I have no more to say but linger still,  
 " And dare not set my seal upon this sheet;  
 " And yet I may as well the task fulfil,  
 " My misery can scarce be more complete :  
 " I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill :  
 " Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,  
 " And I must even survive this last adieu,  
 " And bear with life, to love and pray for you!"

## CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,  
 With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new ;  
 Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper;  
 It trembled as magnetic needles do,  
 And yet she did not let one tear escape her ;  
 The seal a sunflower ; "*Elle vous suit partout*,"  
 The motto, cut upon a white cornelian ;  
 The wax was superfine, its hue vermillion.

## CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape ; but whether  
 I shall proceed with his adventures is  
 Dependant on the public altogether ;  
 We'll see however, what they say to this,  
 Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,  
 And no great mischief's done by their caprice ;  
 And if their approbation we experience,  
 Perhaps they'll have some more about a year hence,

## CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be  
Divided in twelve books; each book containing,  
With love and war, a heavy gale at sea,  
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,  
New characters; the episodes are three:  
A panorama view of hell's in training,  
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,  
So that my name of epic's no misnomer.

## CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,  
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,  
The *vade mecum* of the true sublime,  
Which makes so many poets, and some fools:  
Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme,  
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;  
I've got new mythological machinery,  
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

## CCII.

There's only one slight difference between  
Me and my epic brethren gone before,  
And here the advantage is my own, I ween;  
(Not that I have not several merits more,  
But this will more peculiarly be seen)  
They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore  
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,  
Whereas this story's actually true.

## CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal  
To history, tradition, and to facts,  
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,  
To plays in five, and operas in three acts;  
All these confirm my statement a good deal,  
But that which more completely faith exacts  
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,  
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.



## CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,  
 I'll write poetical commandments, which  
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those  
 That went before; in these I shall enrich  
 My text with many things that no one knows,  
 And carry precept to the highest pitch:  
 I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,  
 Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

## CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;  
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey;  
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,  
 The second drunk, the third so quaint and moutheys;  
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,  
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy;  
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor  
 Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

## CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,  
 His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his;  
 Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the Blues,"  
 (There's one, at least, is very fond of this);  
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:  
 This is true criticism, and you may kiss—  
 Exactly as you please, or not, the rod,  
 But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by God!

## CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert  
 This story is not moral, first, I pray,  
 That they will not cry out before they're hurt,  
 Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say,  
 (But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert)  
 That this is not a moral tale, though gay;  
 Besides, in canto twelfth, I mean to show  
 The very place where wicked people go.

## CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind  
To their own good, this warning to despise,  
Led by some tortuosity of mind,  
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,  
And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"  
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies ;  
Should captains the remark or critics make,  
They also lie too—under a mistake.

## CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,  
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,  
Which I with their amusement will connect,  
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral) ;  
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect  
My epical pretensions to the laurel :  
For fear some prudish readers should grew skittish,  
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

## CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the editor,  
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—  
I'm for a handsome article his creditor ;  
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,  
And break a promise after having made it her,  
Denying the receipt of what it cost,  
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,  
All I can say is—that he had the money.

## CCXI.

I think that with this holy new alliance  
I may ensure the public, and defy  
All other magazines of arts or science,  
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly ; I  
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,  
Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,  
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly  
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.



## CCXII.

"*Non ego hoc ferrem calida juvenâ*

"*Consule Planco*," Horace said, and so  
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a  
Hint that some six or seven good years ago  
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)

I was most ready to return a blow,  
And would not brook at all this sort of thing  
In my hot youth—when George the Third was King.

## CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair is gray—

(I wonder what it will be like at forty?)

I thought of a peruke the other day)

My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I  
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,

And feel no more the spirit to retort; I  
Have spent my life, both interest and principal;  
And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

## CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me

The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,  
Which out of all the lovely things we see

Extracts emotions beautiful and new,  
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:

Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?  
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power  
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

## CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,

Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!

Once all in all, but now a thing apart,

Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse;  
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art

Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,  
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,  
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgement.

*disgust*

## CCXVI.

My days of love are over: me no more (7)

The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow, <sup>T</sup>  
Can make the fool of which they made before,

In short, I must not lead the life I did do;

The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,

The copious use of claret is forbid too,

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,

I think I must take up with avarice. ~

## CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken

Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure;

And the two last have left me many a token

O'er which reflection may be made at leisure:

Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,

"Time is, Time was, Time's past," a chymic treasure

Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—

My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

## CCXVIII.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper:

Some liken it to climbing up a hill,

Whose summit, like all hills, are lost in vapour;

For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,

And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"

To have, when the original is dust,

A name, a wretched picture, and worse dust.

## CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? old Egypt's King

Cheops erected the first pyramid

And largest, thinking it was just the thing

To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;

But somebody or other rummaging,

Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:

Let not a monument give you or me hopes,

Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

~ A clever, but a most disgusting houndree



## CCXX.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,  
 Say very often to myself, "Alas !  
 " All things that have been born were born to die,  
 " And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass ;  
 " You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,  
 " And if you had it o'er again—'twould pass—  
 " So thank your stars that matters are no worse,  
 " And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse."

## CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader ! and  
 Still gentler purchaser ! the bard—that's I—  
 Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,  
 And so your humble servant, and good bye !  
 We meet again, if we should understand  
 Each other ; and if not, I shall not try  
 Your patience further than by this short sample—  
 'Twere well if others follow'd my example.

## CCXXII.

" Go, little book, from this my solitude !  
 " I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways !  
 " And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,  
 " The world will find thee after many days."  
 When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,  
 I can't help putting in my claim to praise—  
 The four first rhymes are Southey's every line ;  
 For God's sake, reader ! take them not for mine.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

## NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1, page 6, stanza v.

*Brave men were living before Agamemnon.*

“Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,” &c.—HORACE.

Note 2, page 9, stanza xvii.

*Save thine “incomparable oil,” Macassar!*

“Description des vertus incomparables de l’huile de  
“Macassar.”—See the Advertisement.

Note 3, page 15, stanza xlii.

*Although Longinus, tells us there is no hymn  
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample.*

See Longinus, Section 10, “ὅτι μὴ ἔστι περὶ αὐτὴν πᾶθος  
φαίνεται παθὼν δὲ σύνδοξ.

Note 4, page 16, stanza xliv.

*They only add them all in an appendix.*

Fact. There is, or was, such an edition, with all the  
obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the  
end.

Note 5, page 27, stanza lxxxviii.

*The bard I quote from does not sing amiss.*

Campbell’s Gertrude of Wyoming, (I think) the opening  
of Canto II.; but quote from memory.

Note 6, page 42, stanza cxlviii.

*Is it for this that General Count O’Reilly,  
Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?*

Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O’Reilly did not  
take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him: he and his  
army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit,  
from before that city in the year 17—.

Note 7, page 59, stanza ccxvi.

*My days of love are over, me no more.*

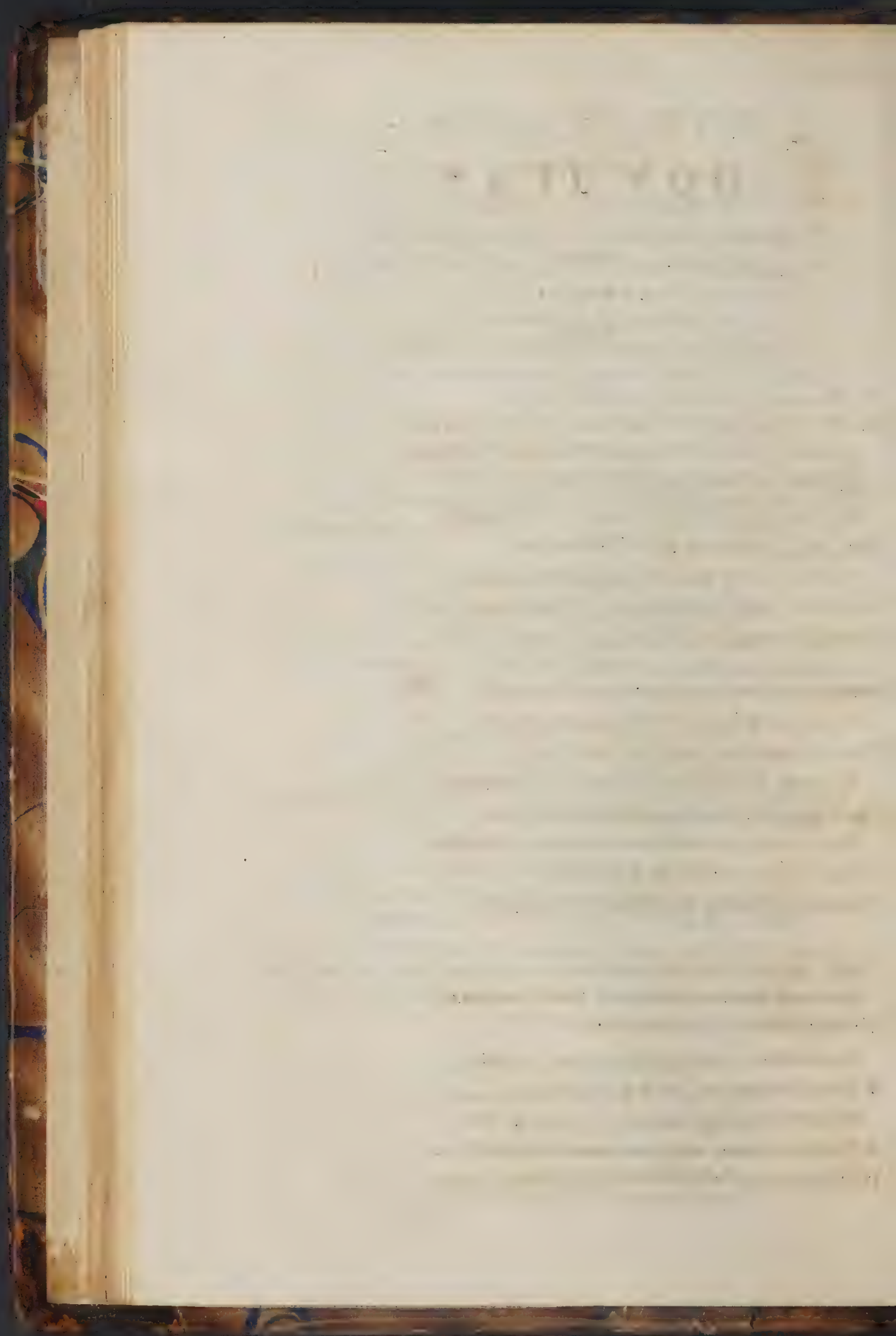
Me nec femina, nec puer

Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,

Nec certare juvat mero;

Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.





# DON JUAN.

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## CANTO II.

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### I.

Oh ye ! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,  
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,  
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,  
It mends their morals ; never mind the pain :  
The best of mothers and of educations  
In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,  
Since in a way, that's rather of the oddest, he  
Became divested of his native modesty.

### II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,  
In the third form, or even in the fourth,  
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,  
At least, had he been nurtured in the north ;  
Spain may prove an exception to the rule,  
But then exceptions always prové its worth—  
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce  
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

### III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,  
If all things be consider'd : first there was  
His lady-mother, mathematical,  
A——never mind ; his tutor an old ass ;  
A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,  
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass) ;  
A husband rather old, not much in unity  
With his young wife—a time, and opportunity,



## IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,  
 And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,  
 And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,  
 And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails ;  
 The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,  
 The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,  
 A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,  
 Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

## V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—  
 A pretty town, I recollect it well—  
 'Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is,  
 (Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel)  
 And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful ladies,  
 Their very walk would make your bosom swell ;  
 I can't describe it, though so much it strike,  
 Nor liken it—I never saw the like :

## VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb  
 New broke, a camelopard, a gazelle,  
 No—none of these will do ;—and then their garb !  
 Their veil and petticoat—Alas ! to dwell  
 Upon such things would very near absorb  
 A canto—then their feet and ankles—well,  
 Thank heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready,  
 (And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be steady—

## VII.

Chaste Muse !—well, if you must, you must)—the veil  
 Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,  
 While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,  
 Flashes into the heart :—All sunny land  
 Of love ! when I forget you, may I fail  
 To—say my prayers—but never was there plann'd  
 A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,  
 Excepting the Venetian Fázzioli.

*x antelope.*

## VIII.

But to our tale, : the Donna Inez sent  
Her son to Cadiz only to embark ;  
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,  
But why ?—we leave the reader in the dark—  
'Twas for a voyage that the young man was meant,  
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,  
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,  
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

## IX.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things  
According to direction, then received  
A lecture and some money : for four springs  
He was to travel ; and though Inez grieved,  
(As every kind of parting has its stings)  
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed :  
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)  
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

## X,

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,  
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school  
For naughty children who would rather play  
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool ;  
Infants of three years old were taught that day,  
Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool :  
The great success of Juan's education  
Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

## XI.

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,  
The wind was fair, the water passing rough ;  
A devil of a sea rolls in that Bay,  
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough ;  
And, standing upon deck, the dashing spray  
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough :  
And there he stood to take, and take again,  
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.



## XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight  
To see one's native land receding through  
The growing waters ; it unmans one quite,  
Especially when life is rather new :  
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,  
But almost every other country's blue,  
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,  
We enter on our nautical existence.

## XIII.

So Juan stood, bewilder'd, on the deck :  
The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors swore,  
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,  
From which away so fair and fast they bore.  
The best of remedies is a beef-steak  
Against sea-sickness ; try it, sir, before  
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,  
For I have found it answer—so may you.

## XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,  
Beheld his native Spain receding far :  
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,  
Even nations feel this when they go to war ;  
There is a sort of unexpressed concern,  
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar ;  
At leaving even the most unpleasant people  
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

## XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave,  
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,  
So that he had much better cause to grieve  
Than many persons more advanced in life ;  
And if we now and then a sigh must heave  
At quitting even those we quit in strife,  
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—  
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

## XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews  
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion:  
I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping Muse,  
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;  
Young men should travel, if but to amuse  
Themselves; and the next time their servants tie on  
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,  
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto,

## XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,  
While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,  
"Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to quote;  
You must excuse this extract, 'tis where she,  
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought  
Flowers to the grave); and, sobbing often, he  
Reflected on his present situation,  
And seriously resolved on reformation.

## XVIII.

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,  
"Perhaps I may revisit thee no more;  
"But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,  
"Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:  
"Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide!  
"Farewell, my mother! and since all is o'er,  
"Farewell, too dearest Julia!—(here he drew  
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

## XIX.

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—  
"But that's impossible, and cannot be—  
"Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,  
"Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,  
"Than I resign thine image, Oh! my fair!  
"Or think of any thing excepting thee;  
"A mind diseased no remedy can physio—  
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick,)



## XX.

" Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)

" Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—

" (For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor—

" Pedro! Battista! help me down below,)

" Julia, my love!—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—

" Oh Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)—

" Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"

(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

## XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,

Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,

Beyond the best apothecary's art,

The loss of love, the treachery of friends,

Or death of those we dote on, when a part

Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends:

No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,

But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

## XXII.

Love's a capricious power; I've known it hold

Out through a fever caused by its own heat,

But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,

And find a quinsy very hard to treat;

Against all noble maladies he's bold,

But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,

Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,

Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

## XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain

About the lower region of the bowels;

Love, who heroically breathes a vein,

Shrinks from the application of hot towels,

And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,

Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect, how else

Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,

Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

## XXIV.

The ship, call'd the most holy "Trinidad,"  
Was seering duly for the port Leghorn :  
For there the Spanish family Moncada  
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born :  
They were relations, and for them he had a  
Letter of introduction, which the morn  
Of his departure had been sent him by  
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

## XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and  
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,  
Who several languages did understand,  
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,  
And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,  
His headache being increased by every billow ;  
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made  
His birth a little damp, and him afraid.

## XXVI.

'Twas not without some reason, for the wind  
Increased at night, until it blew a gale ;  
And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,  
Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,  
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind :  
At sunset they began to take in sail,  
For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,  
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

## XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift  
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,  
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,  
Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the  
Whole of her stern-frame, and ere she could lift  
Herself from out her present jeopardy  
The rudder tore away : 'twas time to sound  
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.



## XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put  
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set  
To get up part of the cargo, and what not,  
But they could not come at the leak as yet;  
At last they did get at it really, but  
Still their salvation was an even bet :  
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,  
While they thirst sheets, shirts, Jackets, bales of muslin,

## XXIX.

Into the opening ! but all such ingredients  
Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,  
Despite of all their efforts and expedients,  
But for the pumps : I'm glad to make them known  
To all the brother tars who may have need hence,  
For fifty tons of water were upthrown  
By them per hour, and they had all been undone  
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

## XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,  
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,  
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet  
Kept two hand and one chain-pump still in use,  
The wind blew fresh again : as it grew late  
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,  
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—  
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

## XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset ;  
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,  
And made a scene men do not soon forget :  
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,  
Or any other thing that brings regret,  
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads or necks :  
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers  
And swimmers who may chance to be survivors.

## XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,  
Both main and mizen ; first the mizen went  
The mainmast follow'd : but the ship still lay  
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.  
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they  
Eased her at last (although we never meant  
To part with all till every hope was blighted),  
And then with violence the old-ship righted.

## XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this  
Was going on, some people were unquiet,  
That passengers would find it much amiss  
To lose their lives as well as spoil their diet :  
That even the able-seamen, deeming his  
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,  
As upon such occasions tars will ask  
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

## XXXIV.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms  
As rum and true religion ; thus it was,  
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,  
The high wind made the treble, and as bass  
The hoarse harsh waves kept time ; fright-cured the qualms  
Of all the luckless landmen's-sea-sick maws :  
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,  
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

## XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for  
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,  
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before  
It with a pair of pistols ; and their fears,  
As if Death were more dreadful by his door  
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,  
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,  
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.



## XXXVI.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be  
 "All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, "No!  
 "'Tis true that death awaits both you and me,  
 "But let us die like men, not sink below  
 "Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he,  
 And none liked to anticipate the blow;  
 And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,  
 Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

## XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,  
 And made a loud and pious lamentation;  
 Repented all his sins, and made a last  
 Irrevocable vow of reformation;  
 Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)  
 To quit his academic occupation,  
 In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,  
 To follow Juan's wake like Sancho Panca.

## XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more;  
 Day broke, and the wind lull'd; the masts were gone,  
 The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,  
 The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.  
 They tried the pumps again, and though before  
 Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,  
 A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—  
 The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

## XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,  
 And for the moment it had some effect;  
 But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,  
 Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?  
 But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,  
 'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd:  
 And though 'tis true that man can only die once,  
 'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

## XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence,  
Without their will they carried them away ;  
For they were forced with steering to dispense,  
And never had as yet a quiet day  
On which they might repose, or even commence  
A juremast or rudder, or could say  
The ship would swim an hour, which by good luck,  
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

## XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps was rather less,  
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope  
To weather out much longer ; the distress  
Was also great with which they had to cope  
For want of water, and their solid mess  
Was scant enough : in vain the telescope  
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,  
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

## XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew  
A gale, and in the fore and after hold  
Water appear'd ; yet though the people knew  
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,  
Until the chains and leathers were worn through  
Of all our pumps :—a wreck complete she roll'd,  
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are  
Like human beings during civil war.

## XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears  
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he  
Could do no more : he was a man in years,  
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,  
And if he wept at length, they were not fears  
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,  
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,  
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.



## XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now  
Fast by the head ; and, all distinction gone,  
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow.  
Of candles to their saints—but there were none  
To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;  
Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one  
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,  
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

## XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks, some put on  
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair ;  
Some cursed they day on which they saw the sun,  
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair ;  
And others went on as they had begun,  
Getting the boats out, being well aware  
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,  
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

## XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,  
Having been several days in great distress,  
'Twas difficult to get out such provision  
As now might render their long suffering less ;  
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition ;  
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress ;  
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,  
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

## XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow  
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet ;  
Water, a twenty gallon cask or so ;  
Six flasks of wine ; and they contrived to get  
A portion of their beef up from below,  
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,  
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—  
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon,

## XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnance, had  
Been stove in the beginning of the gale :  
And the long boat's condition wss but bad,  
As there were but two blankets for a sail,  
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad,  
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail ;  
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,  
To save one half the people then on board.

## XLIX.

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
Of one who hates us, so the night was shown,  
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,  
And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone  
Gazed dim and desolate ; twelve days had Fear  
Been their familiar, and now death was here.

## L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,  
With little hope in such a rolling sea,  
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,  
If any laughter at such times could be,  
Unless with people who too long hath quaff'd,  
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,  
Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—  
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

## LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,  
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,  
That still could keep a float the struggling tars,  
For yet they strove although of no great use :  
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,  
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews ;  
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
And going down head foremost—sunk, in short.



## LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

## LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,  
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

## LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,  
And in them crowded several of the crew!  
And yet their present hope was hardly more  
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew  
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;  
And then they were too many, though so few—  
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,  
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

## LV.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls  
Had left their bodies; and what's worse, alas!  
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,  
They must wait several weeks before a mass  
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,  
Because, till people know what's come to pass,  
They won't lay out their money on the dead—  
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

## LVI.

Juan got into the long boat, and there  
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place ;  
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,  
For Juan wore the magisterial face  
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair  
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case :  
Battista, though, (a name call'd shortly Tita)  
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

## LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,  
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,  
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave  
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,  
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave ;  
They could not rescue him although so close,  
Because the sea ran higher every minute,  
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

## LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don José's,  
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,  
For on such things the memory reposes  
With tenderness,—stood howling on the brink,  
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses !)  
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink ;  
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd  
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

## LIX.

He also stuff'd his money where he could  
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,  
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,  
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,  
As every rising wave his dread renew'd ;  
But Juan trusting they might still get through,  
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,  
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

## L



## LX.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,  
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,  
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,  
They dared not take it in for all the breeze ;  
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,  
And made them bale without a moment's ease,  
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,  
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

## LXI.

Nine souls more went in her : the long-boat still  
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,  
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill  
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast :  
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,  
And present peril all before surpass'd,  
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,  
And also for the biscuit casks and butter.

## LXII. .

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign  
Of the continuance of the gale : to run  
Before the sea, until it should grow fine,  
Was all that for the present could be done :  
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine  
Were served out to the people, who begun  
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,  
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

## LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space  
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion ;  
They did their best to modify their case,  
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,  
While t'other half were laid down in their place,  
At watch and watch ; thus, shivering like the tertian  
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,  
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

## LXIV.

'Tis very certain the desire of life

Prolongs it ; this is obvious to physicians,  
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,  
Survive through very desperate conditions,  
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife  
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions :  
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,  
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

## LXV.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities

Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,  
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,  
That some, I really think, *do* never die ;  
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,  
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply :  
In my young days they lent me cash that way,  
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

## LXVI.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,

They live upon the love of life, and bear  
More than can be believed, or even thought,  
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear !  
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,  
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there ;  
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,  
Like the first old Greek privateer, the *Argo*.

## LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,

And must have meals, at least one meal a day !  
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,  
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey :  
Although his anatomical construction  
Bears vegetables in a grumbling way,  
Your labouring people think beyond all question,  
Beef, veal, and mutton; better for digestion,



## LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew :  
For on the third day there came on a calm,  
And though at first their strength it might renew,  
And, lying on their weariness like balm,  
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue  
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,  
And fell all ravenously on their provision,  
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

## LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—  
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,  
In spite of all remonstrances, and then  
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine ?  
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men !  
And carry them to shore ; these hopes were fine,  
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,  
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

## LXIX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,  
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child :  
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,  
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—  
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)  
What could they do ? and hunger's rage grew wild :  
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,  
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

## LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,  
And Juan, who had still refused, because  
The creature was his father's dog that died,  
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,  
With some remorse received (though first denied)  
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,  
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who  
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

## LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun  
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,  
They lay like carcasses! and hope was none,  
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely  
They glared upon each other—all was done,  
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see  
The longings of the cannibal arise  
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

## LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who  
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,  
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,  
An ominous, and wild and desperate sound,  
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,  
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:  
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,  
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

## LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared  
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes;  
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,  
And none to be the sacrifice would choose;  
At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,  
But of materials that much shock the Muse—  
Having no paper, for the want of better,  
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

## LXXV.

The lot's were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,  
In silent horror, and their distribution  
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,  
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;  
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,  
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,  
By which none were permitted to be neuter—  
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.



## LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death :

The surgeon had his instruments, and bled  
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,

You hardly could perceive when he was dead.  
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,

Like most in the belief in which they're bred,  
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,  
And then held out his jugular and wrist,

## LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,

Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;  
But being thirstiest at the moment, he  
Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins :  
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,

And such things as the entrails and the brains  
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—  
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

## LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,

Who were not quite so fond of animal food ;  
To these was added Juan, who, before  
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could  
Feel now his appetite increased much more ;

'Twas not to be expected that he should,  
Even in extremity of their disaster,  
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

## LXXIX.

'Twas better that he did not : for, in fact,

The consequence was awful in the extreme :  
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,

Went raging mad—Lord ! how they did blaspheme !  
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,

Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,  
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,  
And, with hyæna laughter, died despairing.

## LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,  
And all the rest were thin enough, heaven knows;  
And some of them had lost their recollection,  
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;  
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,  
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those  
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,  
For having used their appetites so sadly.

## LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,  
As fattest; but he saved himself, because,  
Besides being much averse from such a fate,  
There were some other reasons; the first was,  
He had been rather indisposed of late,  
And that which chiefly proved his saving clause,  
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,  
By general subscription of the ladies.

## LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,  
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,  
And others still their appetites constrain'd,  
Or but at times a little supper made;  
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,  
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:  
At length they caught two boobies and a noddy,  
And then they left off eating the dead body.

## LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,  
Remember Ugolino condescends  
To eat the head of his arch-enemy  
The moment after he politely ends  
His tale; if foes be food in hell, at sea  
'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,  
When shipwreck's short allowances grows too scanty,  
Without being much more horrible than Dante.



## LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,  
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth  
When dried to summer dust ; till taught by pain,  
Men really know not what good water's worth ;  
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,  
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your birth,  
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,  
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

## LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer  
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,  
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,  
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,  
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher  
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet  
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking  
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

## LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,  
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd ;  
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,  
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd  
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back  
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd  
To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,  
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

## LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
But he died early ; and when he was gone,  
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw  
One glance on him, and said, “ Heaven's will be done !  
“ I can do nothing,” and he saw him thrown  
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

## LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;  
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;  
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
 As if to win a part from off the weight  
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
 With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

## LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,  
 And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,  
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,  
 Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,  
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
 Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

## XC.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,  
 And look'd upon it long, and when at last  
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay  
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,  
 He watch'd it wistfully, until away  
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast ;  
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

## XCI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through  
 The scattering clouds shone, spanning the dark sea  
 Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;  
 And all within its arch appear'd to be  
 Clearer than that without, and its wide hue  
 Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner-free,  
 Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then  
 Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.



## XCII.

It changed, of course; a heavenly cameleon,  
 The airy child of vapour and the sun,  
 Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,  
 Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,  
 Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,  
 And blending every colour into one,  
 Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle,  
 (For sometimes we must box without the muffle.)

## XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seaman thought it a good omen—  
 It is as well to think so, now and then;  
 'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,  
 And may become of great advantage when  
 Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men  
 Had greater need to nerve themselves again  
 Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—  
 Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

## XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,  
 Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size  
 And plumage, probably it might have err'd  
 Upon its course) pass'd oft before their eyes,  
 And tried to perch, although it saw and heard  
 The men within the boat, and in this guise  
 It came and went, and flutter'd round them till  
 Night fell :—this seem'd a better omen still.

## XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,  
 'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,  
 Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark  
 Was not so safe for roosting as a church;  
 And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,  
 Returning there from her successful search,  
 Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,  
 They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

## XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,  
But not with violence; the stars shone out,  
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,  
They knew not where nor what they were about;  
Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"  
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—  
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,  
And all mistook about the latter once.

## XCVII.

As morning broke the light wind died away,  
When he who had the watch sung out, and swore  
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,  
He wish'd that land he never might see more;  
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,  
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore;  
For shore it was, and gradually grew  
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

## XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,  
And others, looking with a stupid stare,  
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,  
And seem'd as if they had no further care;  
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—  
And at the bottom of the boat three were  
Asleep; they shook them by the hand and head,  
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

## XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,  
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,  
And by good fortune gliding softly, caught her,  
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind  
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,  
Because it left encouragement behind:  
They thought that in such perils, more than chance  
Had sent them this for their deliverance.



## C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,  
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,  
Set by a currant, toward it; they were lost  
In various conjectures, for none knew  
To what part of the earth they had been tost,  
So changeable had been the winds that blew;  
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands  
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

## CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,  
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,  
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale:  
Their living freight was now reduced to four,  
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail  
To heave into the deep with those before,  
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd  
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

## CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done  
Their work on them by turns, and thin'd them to  
Such things a mother had not known her son  
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;  
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one  
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,  
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,  
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

## CIII.

As they drew nigh the land which now was seen  
Unequal in its aspect here and there,  
They felt the freshness of its growing green,  
That waved in forest tops and smooth'd the air,  
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen  
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—  
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep  
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

## CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,  
And girt by formidable waves ; but they  
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,  
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :  
A reef between them also now began  
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,  
But finding no place for their landing better,  
They ran the boat for shore, and upset her.

## CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,  
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont ;  
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,  
Had often turn'd the art to some account  
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,  
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,  
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)  
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

## CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,  
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply  
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,  
The beach which lay before him, high and dry :  
The greatest danger here was from a shark,  
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh ;  
As for the other two they could not swim,  
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

## CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,  
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd  
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,  
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas dash'd  
Within his grasp ; he clung to it, and sore  
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd ;  
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he  
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea :



## CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung  
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,  
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,  
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:  
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,  
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,  
With just enough of life to feel its pain,  
And deem that it was saved perhaps in vain.

## CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,  
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee  
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those  
Who long had been his mates upon the sea,  
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,  
Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd three,  
Who died two days before, and now had found  
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

## CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,  
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand  
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:  
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand  
Droop'd dripping on the oar, (their jury-mast)  
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land  
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,  
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

## CXI.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay,  
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,  
And Time had nothing more of night nor day  
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;  
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away  
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,  
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,  
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with life.

## CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,  
 For all was doubt and dizziness; methought  
 He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,  
 And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,  
 And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,  
 And then once more his feelings back were brought,  
 And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen  
 A lovely female face of seventeen.

## CXIII.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth  
 Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;  
 And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth  
 Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;  
 And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe  
 Each pulse to animation, till beneath  
 Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh  
 To these kind efforts made a low reply.

## CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung  
 Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm  
 Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;  
 And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,  
 Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung  
 His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;  
 And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew  
 A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too. ~

## CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,  
 The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one  
 Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,  
 And more robust of figure,—then begun  
 To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave  
 Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun  
 Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er  
 She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

~ Premature Nocturne!



## CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,  
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,  
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd  
In braids behind, and though her stature were  
Even of the highest for a female mould,  
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air  
There was a something which bespoke command,  
As one who was a lady in the land.

## CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes  
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,  
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies  
Deepest attraction, for when to the view  
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,  
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:  
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,  
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

## CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye  
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;  
Short upper lip—sweet lips; that make us sigh  
Ever to have seen such; for she was one  
Fit for the model of a statuary,  
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—  
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

## CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just  
One should not rail without a decent cause:  
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust  
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was  
A frequent model: and if e'er she must  
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,  
They will destroy a face which mortal thought  
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

## CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave :

Her dress was very different from the Spanish,  
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave ;  
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish  
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave  
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)  
The basquina and the mantilla, they  
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

## CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case :

Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun ;  
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,  
But through them gold and gems profusely shone ;  
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace  
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone  
Flash'd on her little hand ; but, what was shocking,  
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

## CXXII,

The other female's dress was not unlike,  
But of inferior materials ; she  
Had not so many ornaments to strike,  
Her hair had ~~silver only~~, bound to be  
Her ~~dowry~~ ; and her veil, in form alike,  
Was coarser ; and her air, though firm, less free ;  
Her hair was thicker, but less long ; her eyes  
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

## CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both  
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,  
Which are (as I must own) of female growth,  
And have ten thousand delicate inventions :  
They made a most ~~superior~~ mess of broth,  
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,  
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's  
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.



## CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,  
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise;  
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air  
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize;  
And so, in short, the girls they really were  
They shall appear before your curious eyes,  
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter  
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

## CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,  
And still a sort of fisherman was he;  
But other speculations were, in sooth,  
Added to his connexion with the sea,  
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:  
A little smuggling, and some piracy,  
Left him at last the sole of many masters  
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

## CXXVI.

A fisher therefore, was he—though of men,  
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd  
For wandering merchant vessels, now and then,  
And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd;  
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain  
He sought in the slave-market too, and dish'd  
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,  
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

## CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his Isle had built  
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)  
A very handsome house from out his gain,  
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;  
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,  
A sad old fellow was he if you please,  
But this I know, it was a spacious building,  
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

## CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter call'd Haidee,  
 The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles ;  
 Besides, so very beautiful was she,  
 Her dowry was as nothing ~~to her smiles~~ ;  
 Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree

She grew to womanhood, and between whiles  
 Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
 How to accept a better in his turn,

## CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below  
 The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,  
 Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—

Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd ;  
 But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,

Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,  
 As far as in her lay, "to take him in,  
 "A stranger" dying, with so white a skin.

## CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house

Was not exactly the best way to save,  
 But like conveying to the cat the mouse,  
 Or people in a trance into their grave ;  
 Because the good old man had so much "yours,"

Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,  
 He would have hospitably cured the stranger,  
 And sold him instantly when out of danger.

## CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best  
 (A virgin always on her maid relies)

To place him in the cave for presant rest :

And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,  
 Their charity increased about their guest ;

And their compassion grew to such a size,  
 It open'd half the turnpike-gates to heaven—  
 (St. Paul says 'tis the toll which must be given.)



## CXXXII,

They made a fire, but such a fire as they  
Upon the moment could contrive with such  
Materials as were cast up round the bay,  
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch  
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay  
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch ;  
But, by God's grace here wrecks were in such plenty,  
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

## CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,  
For Haidee stripp'd her sables off to make  
His couch ; and, that he might be more at ease,  
And warm, in case by chance he should awake.  
They also gave a petticoat apiece,  
She and her maid, and promised by day-break  
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish  
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

## CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose :  
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,  
Who sleep at last, perhaps, (God only knows)  
Just for the present ; and in his lull'd head  
Not even a vision of his former woes  
Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes spread  
Unwelcome visions of our former years,  
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

## CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless :—but the maid,  
Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den  
Look'd back upon him, and a moment staid,  
And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.  
He slumber'd ; yet she thought, at least she said,  
(The heart will slip even as the tongue and pen)  
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot  
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

## CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,  
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who  
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,  
She being wiser by a year or two :  
A year or two's an age when rightly spent,  
And Zoe spent hers, as most woman do,  
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge  
Which is acquired in nature's good old college.

## CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still  
Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon  
His rest ; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,  
And the young beams of the excluded sun,  
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill ;  
And need he had of slumber yet, for none  
Had suffer'd more—his hardships were comparative  
To those related in my grand-dad's Narrative.

## CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidee : she sadly toss'd and tumbled,  
And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,  
Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she tumbled,  
And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore ;  
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,  
And call'd her father's old slaves up, who swore  
In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek,—  
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

## CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,  
With some pretence about the sun, that makes  
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set ;  
And 'tis no doubt a sight to see when breaks  
Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet  
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,  
And night is flung off like a mourning suit  
Worn for a husband, or some other brute.



## CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,  
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late  
I have sat up on purpose all the night,  
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;  
And so all ye, who would be in the right  
In health and purse, begin your day to date  
From day-break, and when coffin'd at fourscore,  
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

## CXLI.

And Haidee-met the morning face to face;  
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush  
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race  
From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,  
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,  
That overpowers some alpine river's rush,  
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;  
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

## CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,  
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,  
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,  
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,  
Taking her for a sister; just the same  
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,  
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,  
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

## CXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepp'd  
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw  
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;  
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe,  
(For sleep is awful) and on tiptoe crept  
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,  
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death  
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

## CXLIV.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying  
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and there  
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,  
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air :  
But Zoe ~~the~~ the meantime some eggs was frying,  
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair  
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,  
She drew out her provision from the basket.

## CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,  
And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be ;  
Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,  
And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea ;  
And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle ;  
I can't say that she gave them any tea,  
But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,  
With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

## CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and  
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan ;  
But Haidee stopp'd her with her quick small hand,  
And without word, a sign her finger drew on  
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand ;  
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,  
Because her mistress would not let her break  
That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

## CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek  
A purple hectic play'd like dying day  
On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak  
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,  
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak ;  
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,  
Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,  
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.



## CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,  
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,  
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,  
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,  
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,  
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest ;  
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,  
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

## CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,  
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade  
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain  
Had further sleep a further pleasure made ;  
For woman's face was never form'd in vain  
For Juan, so that even when he pray'd  
He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyr's hairy,  
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

## CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arosé,  
And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek  
The pale contended with the purple rose,  
As with an effort she began to speak :  
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,  
Although she told him in good modern Greek,  
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,  
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat,

## CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,  
Being no Grecian ; but he had an ear,  
And her voice was the warble of a bird,  
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,  
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;  
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,  
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,  
Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

## CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awake  
By a distant organ, doubting if he be  
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke  
By the watchman, or some such reality,  
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock ;  
At least it is a heavy sound to me,  
Who like a morning slumber—for the night  
Shows stars and women in a better light.

## CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,  
Or sleep, or whatso'er it was, by feeling  
A most prodigious appetite: the steam  
Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing  
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam  
Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,  
To stir her viands, made him quite awake  
And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

## CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;  
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton ;  
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,  
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on :  
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,  
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on,  
Others are fair and fertile, among which  
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

## CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking  
That the old fable of the Minotaur—  
From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking  
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore  
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking  
The allegory) a mere type, no more,  
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,  
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.



## CLVI.

For we all know that English people are  
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,  
Because 'tis liquor only, and being far  
From this my subject, has no business here ;  
We know, too, they are very fond of war,  
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear ;  
So were the Cretans—from which I infer  
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

## CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised  
His head upon his elbow, and he saw  
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,  
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,  
Three or four things, for which the Lord he praised,  
And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,  
He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like  
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

## CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied ; and she,  
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have fed  
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see  
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead :  
But Zoe, being older than Haidee,  
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)  
That famish'd people must be slowly nurst,  
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

## CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,  
Rather by deeds than words, because the case  
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate  
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace  
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,  
Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—  
She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,  
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

## CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd  
Pair of scarce-decent trowsers—went to work,  
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,  
And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,  
Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,  
Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk—  
They furnish'd him, entire except some stitches,  
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

## CLXI.

And then fair Haidee tried her tongue at speaking  
But not a word could Juan comprehend,  
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in  
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;  
And, as he interrupted not, went eking  
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,  
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,  
She saw he did not understand Romanc.

## CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods and signs,  
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,  
And read (the only book she could) the lines  
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,  
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines  
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;  
And thus in every look she saw exprest  
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

## CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,  
And words repeated after her, he took  
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,  
No doubt, less of her language than her look:  
As he who studies fervently the skies  
Turns oftner to the stars than to his book,  
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better  
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.



## CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue  
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,  
When both the teacher and the taught are young;  
As was the case, at least, where I have been;  
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong  
They smile still more, and then there intervene  
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—  
I learn'd the little that I know by this:

## CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,  
Italian not at all, having no teachers;  
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,  
Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,  
Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week  
I study, also Blair, the highest reachers  
Of eloquence in piety and prose—  
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

## CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,  
A wanderer from the British world of fashion,  
Where I, like other “dogs, have had my day,”  
Like other men too, may have had my passion—  
But that like other things, has pass'd away:  
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on,  
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me  
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

## CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun  
To hear new words, and to repeat them; but  
Some feelings, universal as the sun,  
Were such as could not in his breast be shut  
More than within the bosom of a nun:  
He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,  
With a young benefactress—so was she,  
Just in the way we very often see.

## CLXVIII.

And every day by day-break—rather early

For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—  
She came into the cave, but it was merely

To see her bird reposing in his nest ;

And she would softly stir his locks so curly,

Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,  
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,  
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

## CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,

And every day help'd on his convalescence ;

'Twas well, because health in the human frame

Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,  
For health and idleness to passion's flame

Are oil and gunpowder ; and some good lessons  
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,  
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

## CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart (without heart really

Love, though good always, is not quite so good)

Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—

For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,—

While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly :

Eggs, oysters too, are amatory food :

But who is their purveyor from above

Heaven knows—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

## CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,

A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes

That ever made a youthful heart less steady,

Besides her maid's as pretty for their size ;

But I have spoken of all this already—

And repetition's tiresome and unwise,—

Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,

Came always back to coffee and Haidee.



## CLXXIV.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,  
That bathing pass'd for nothing; Juan seem'd  
To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,  
Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,  
A something to be loved, a creature meant  
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd  
To render happy; all who joy would win  
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

## CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such  
Enlargement of existence to partake  
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,  
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake;  
To live with him for ever were too much;  
But then the thought of parting made her quake;  
He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast  
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

## CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidee  
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took  
Such plentiful precautions, that still he  
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook;  
At last her father's prows put out to sea,  
For certain merchantmen upon the look,  
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,  
But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.

## CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,  
So that, her father being at sea, she was  
Free as a married woman, or such other  
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,  
Without even the incumbrance of a brother,  
The freest she that ever gazed on glass:  
I speak of christian lands in this comparison,  
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison,

## CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk  
(For they must talk), and he had learn't to say  
So much as to propose to take a walk,—  
For little had he wander'd since the day  
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the stalk,  
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—  
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,  
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

## CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,  
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,  
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,  
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore  
A better welcome to the tempest-tost ;  
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,  
Save on the dead long summer days, which make  
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake,

## CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach  
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your champaigne,  
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,  
That spring dew of the spirit! the heart's rain!  
Few things surpass old wine ; and they may preach  
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—  
Let us have wine and woman, mirth and laughter,  
Sermons and soda water the day after.

## CLXXIX.

Mau, being reasonable, must get drunk ;  
The best of life is but intoxication :  
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk  
The hopes of all men, and of every nation ;  
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk  
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion :  
But to return,—Get very drunk ; and when  
You wake with head-ache, you shall see what then.



## CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring  
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know  
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king ;  
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,  
Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,  
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,  
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,  
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

## CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I  
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—  
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,  
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,  
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,  
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crost  
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret  
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

## CLXXXII.

And forth they wandered, her sire being gone,  
As I have said, upon an expedition ;  
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,  
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision  
She waited on her lady with the sun,  
Thought daily service was her only mission,  
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,  
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses,

## CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded  
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,  
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,  
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,  
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded  
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill  
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,  
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

## CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,  
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,  
 Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,  
 And in the worn and wild receptacles  
 Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,  
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,  
 They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,  
 Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

## CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow  
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright:  
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,  
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;  
 They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,  
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light  
 Into each other—and, beholding this,  
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

## CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,  
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays  
 Into one focus, kindled from above;  
 Such kisses as belong to early days,  
 Where heart, and soul, and sense in concert move,  
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,  
 Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,  
 I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

## CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured  
 Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckon'd;  
 And if they had, they could not have secured  
 The sum of their sensations to a second:  
 They had not spoken: but they felt allured,  
 As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,  
 Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—  
 Their hearts the flowers from which the honey sprung.



## CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they  
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness ;  
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,  
The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,  
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay  
Around them, made them to each other press,  
As if there were no life beneath the sky  
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

## CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,  
They felt no terrors from the night, they were  
All in all to each other : though their speech  
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,—  
And all the burning tongues the passions teach  
Found in one sigh the best interpreter  
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all  
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

## CXC.

Haidee spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,  
Nor offer'd any ; she had never heard  
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,  
Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd ;  
She was all which pure ignorance allows,  
And flew to her young mate like a young bird ;  
And never having dreamt of falsehood, she  
Had not one word to say of constancy.

## CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,  
And she was worshipp'd; after nature's fashion,  
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,  
If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—  
But by degrees their senses were restored,  
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on ;  
And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidee's heart  
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

## CXCII.

Alas ! they were so young, so beautiful,  
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour  
Was that in which the heart is always full,  
And, having o'er itself no further power,  
Prompts deeds eternity can not annul,

But pays off moments in an endless shower  
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving  
Pleasure or pain to ope another living.

## CXCIII.

Alas ! for Juan and Haidee ! they were  
So loving and so lovely—till then never,  
Excepting our first parents, such a pair  
Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever ;  
And Haidee, being devout as well as fair,  
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,  
And hell and purgatory—but forgot  
Just in the very crisis she should not.

## CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes  
Gleam in the moonlight ; and her white arm clasps  
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies  
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps ;  
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,  
He hers, until they end in broken gasps ;  
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,  
Half naked, loving, natural and Greek.

## CXC.V.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,  
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,  
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,  
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms ;  
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,  
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,  
Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants  
With all it granted, and with all it grants.



## CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,  
A child the moment when it drains the breast,  
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,  
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping  
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

## CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,  
All that it hath of life with us is living;  
So gentle, stirless, helpless and unmoved,  
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;  
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd and proved,  
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving;  
There lies the thing we love with all its errors  
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

## CXCVIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour  
Of Love's and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,  
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;  
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude  
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,  
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,  
And all the stars that crowded the blue space  
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

## CXCIX.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real  
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

## CC.

They are right ; for man, to man so oft unjust,  
Is always so to women ; one sole bond  
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust ;  
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond  
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust  
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond ?  
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,  
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

## CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,  
Some mind their household, others dissipation,  
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,  
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station ;  
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,  
Theirs being an unnatural situation,  
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel :  
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

## CCII.

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this ;  
Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun  
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss  
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters ; she was one  
Made but to love, to feel that she was his  
Who was her chosen : what was said or done  
Elsewhere was nothing—She had nought to fear,  
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here*.

## CCIII.

And oh ! that quickening of the heart, that beat !  
How much it costs us ! yet each rising throb  
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,  
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob  
Joy of its alchymy, and to repeat  
Fine truths ; even Conscience, too, has a tough job  
To make us understand each good old maxim,  
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.



## CCIV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted  
 Their hearts ; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed  
 Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted :

Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,  
 By their own feelings hallow'd and united,  
 Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed ;  
 And they were happy, for to their young eyes  
 Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

## CCV.

Oh Love ! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,  
 Titus the master, Antony the slave,  
 Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,  
 Sappho the sage blue-socking, in whose grave  
 All those may leap who rather would be neuter—  
 (Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)  
 Oh Love ! thou art the very god of evil,  
 For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

## CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,  
 And jestest with the brows of mightiest men :  
 Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,  
 Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen ;  
 Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,  
 Such worthies Time will never see again ;  
 Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,  
 They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

## CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers : there's Epicurus  
 And Aristippus, a material crew !  
 Who to immoral courses would allure us,  
 By theories quite practicable too ;  
 If only from the devil they would insure us,  
 How pleasant were the maxim, (not quite new)  
 " Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us ?"  
 So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

## CCVIII.

But Juan ! had he quite forgotten Julia ?

And should he have forgotten her so soon ?

I can't but say it seems to me most truly a

Perplexing question ; but, no doubt, the moon

Does these things for us, and whenever newly a

Palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,

Else how the devil is it that fresh features

Have such a charm for us poor human creatures ?

## CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,

Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made

Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast

No permanent foundation can be laid ;

Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,

And yet last night, being at a Masquerade,

I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,

Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

## CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,

And whisper'd " think of every sacred tie !"

" I will, my dear Philosophy !" I said,

" But then her teeth, and then, Oh heaven ! her eye !

" I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,

" Or neither—out of curiosity."

" Stop !" cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian,

(Though she was masqued then as a fair venetian.)

## CCXI.

" Stop !" so I stopp'd.—But to return : that which

Men call inconstancy is nothing more

Than admiration due where nature's rich

Profusion with young beauty covers o'er

Some favour'd object ; and as in the niche

A lovely statue we almost adore,

This sort of adoration of the real

Is but a heightening of the " beau ideal."



## CCXII.

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,  
A fine extension of the faculties,  
Platonic, universal, wonderful,  
Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through the skies.  
Without which life would be extremely dull ;  
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,  
With one or two small senses added, just  
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

## CCXIII.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,  
For surely if we always could perceive  
In the same object graces quite as killing  
As when she rose upon us like an Eve,  
'Twould save us many a heart-ache, many a shilling,  
(For we must get them any how, or grieve,)  
Whereas if one sole lady pleased for ever,  
How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver !

## CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,  
But changes night and day too, like the sky ;  
Now o'er it clouds and thnnder must be driven,  
And darkness and destruction as on high :  
But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierced, and riven,  
Its storms expire in water-drops ; the eye  
Pours forth at last the heart's-blood turn'd to tears,  
Which make the English climate of our years.

## CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,  
But very rarely executes its function,  
For the first passion stays there such a while,  
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,  
Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,  
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction,  
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,  
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd " central."

## CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more

In this anatomy, I've finish'd now

Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,

That being about the number I'll allow

Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;

And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,

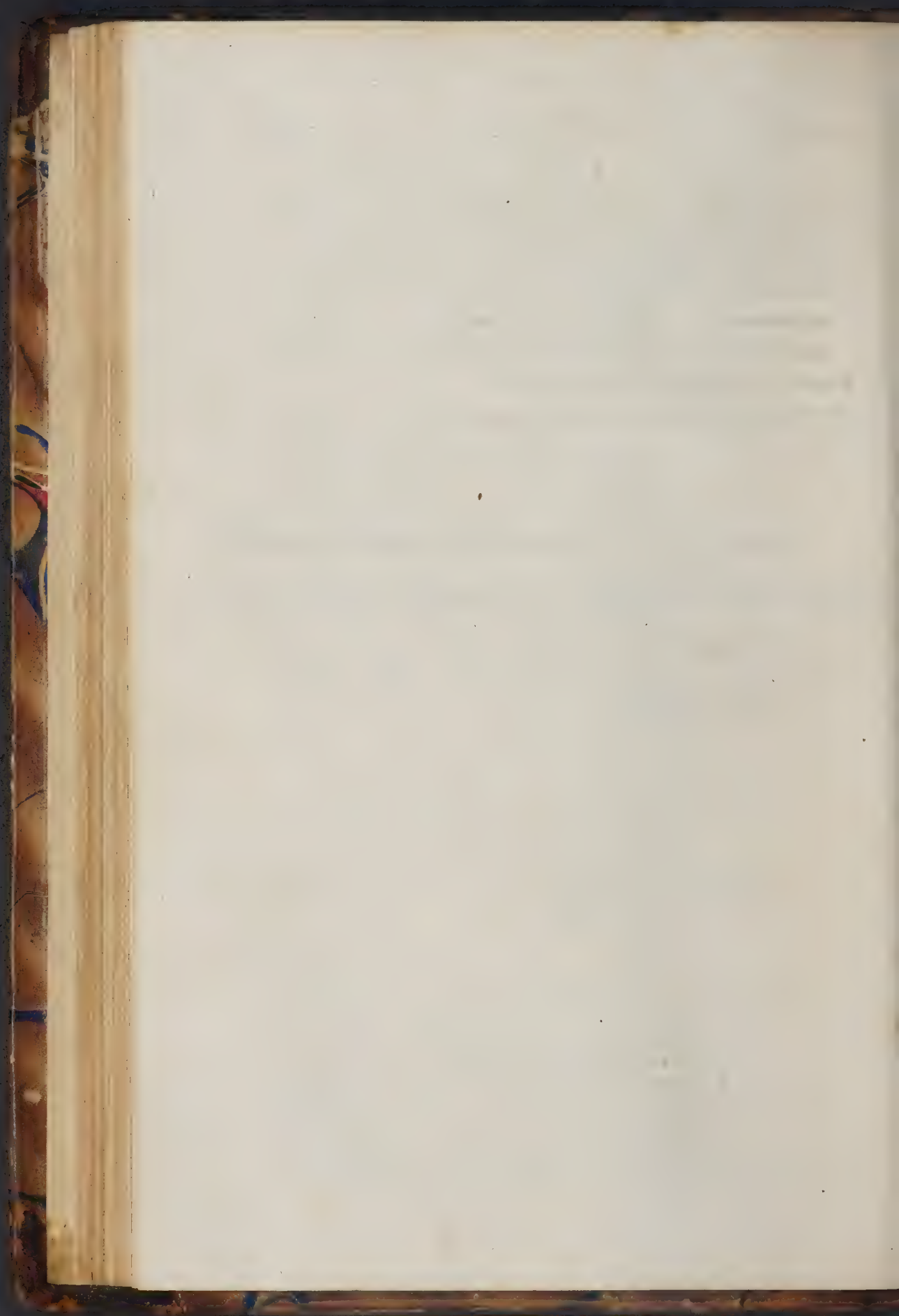
Leaving Don Juan and Haidee to plead

For them and theirs with all who deign to read.

*Meant to be reductive, it has rather  
mischief or merit any way corresponds  
:ent with the noise at once made  
about it.*

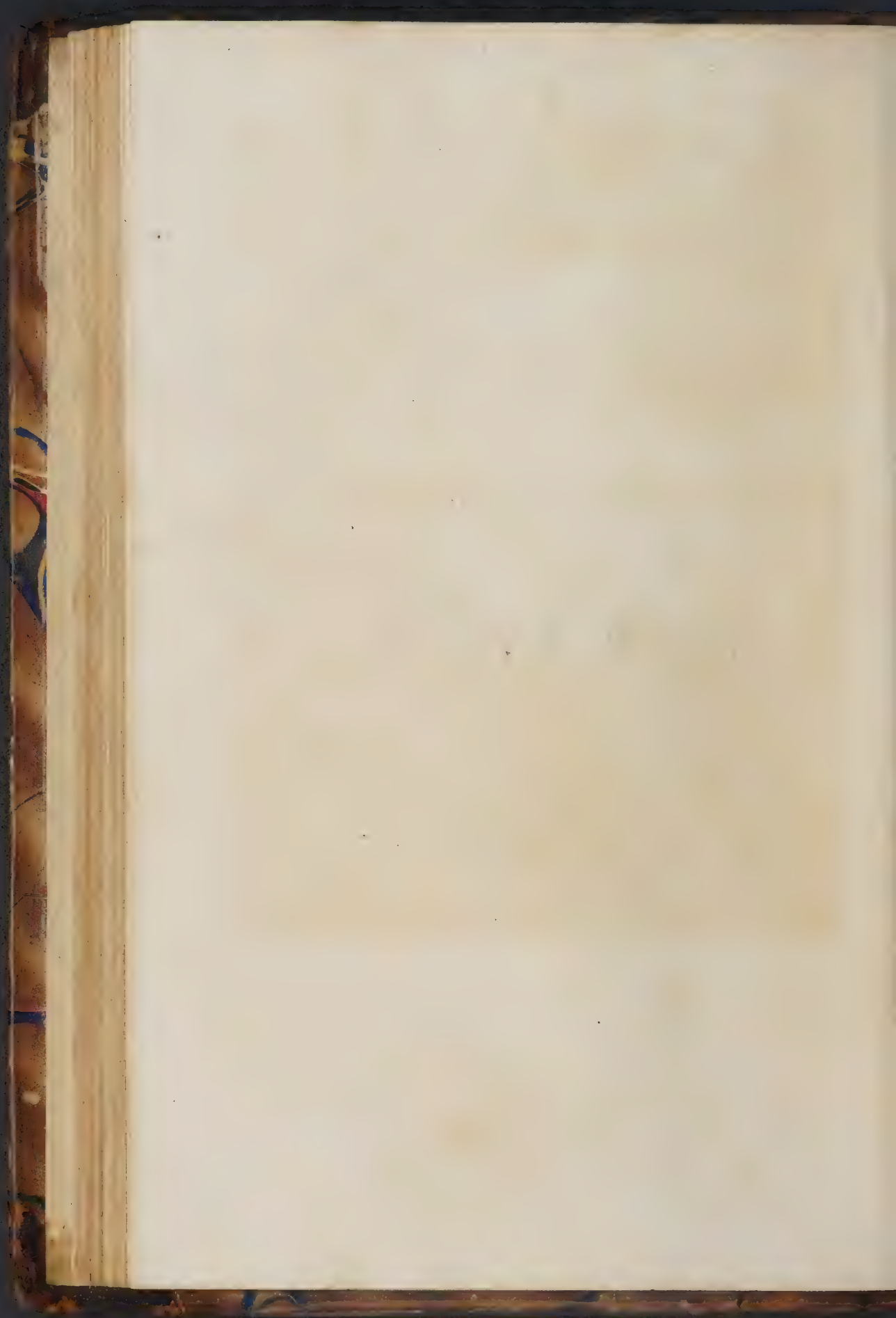
END OF CANTO II.





**D O N J U A N.**





# D O N J U A N :

WITH

*A Biographical Account*

OF

LORD BYRON AND HIS FAMILY;

*ANECDOTES OF HIS LORDSHIP'S*

TRAVELS AND RESIDENCE IN GREECE, AT GENEVA, &c.

INCLUDING, ALSO, A

SKETCH OF THE VAMPYRE FAMILY.

---

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF HIS LORDSHIP, FROM AN  
ORIGINAL DRAWING.

---

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame;  
Themselves they studied; as they felt they writ;  
Intrigue was plot, Obscenity was wit.  
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,  
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.

JOHNSON.

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CANTO III.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM WRIGHT,  
46, FLEET-STREET.

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1819.



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W. Shackell, Printer,  
Johnson's-court,  
Fleet-street, London.

## ANALYSIS OF THE POEM.

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THE Author, upon consideration, finds it proper to change the hero and plan of his story, not because the Two Cantos, already published of Don Juan, have been much condemned on account of their immorality,—for he despises the public opinion,—but because he admits that a hero befitting the object of this epic might easily be found at home, either in a red, green, blue, or black coat. His lordship therefore leaves the Spanish gallant, whose adventures he has been celebrating, on the Greek island upon which he was thrown, to enjoy the company of the beautiful Haidee, and boldly resolves to draw from himself, like the *noble* wits of King Charles's days. Disliking, nevertheless, to appear an egotist, he resolves to endeavour to speak of himself as of another person. In this manner he commences his story. The reader is first introduced to his native place, which he has informed the public, in one of



his *minor* Poems, was the small property of Loch-na-Gair, near the head of the river Dee, in Scotland.—Allusion to the city of Aberdeen, so celebrated for granting honourable degrees.—Its colleges, and Gordon's Hospital.—Returns to the description of his native place.—The nature of his life and food there.—Might have been doomed to live there and labour for his bread, and notwithstanding might, perhaps, have written much purer and better poetry in the wilds of nature, than he has since done amidst the world of fashion and dissipation, had not fortune intended a higher station for him.—Some of fortune's whims in raising persons from low conditions to the highest ranks enumerated.—Our hero's removal to a charitable foundation.—His education and qualities there.—Good fortune of some persons, and happy circumstance for them that their titles and estates were acquired by those who have lived before them.—“Place a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the d——.”—Influence of wealth and titles, in throwing a veil of splendour over the failings or vices of their possessors.—Our hero becomes the heir to a peerage.—He is transplanted from the North to the more genial scenes of England.—Way in which the young nobility display their superior worth and acquirements.—Noble blood degenerates.—Some instances of this.—Hero goes to Harrow School, where he obtains a new title.—Early indications of genius.—

Always very great among the heirs of nobility.—Behaviour of the young lord at this scene of education.—Lampoons his instructors, and is expelled from the seminary.—Goes to Cambridge.—His behaviour there.—Publishes his Juvenile Poems and Satires, and sets out on his travels.—Visits Spain and Portugal.—Reaches the coast of Greece, without any such disaster as befel the crew of the French frigate Medusa, or the raft on which Don Juan is supposed to have been placed.—Purchases a pleasure yacht, and roves about among the Greek islands.—His pleasures and occupations there.—Forms an acquaintance with Berinthia, a fisherman's daughter, who very much resembles Haidee, and whom he prevails upon to accompany him in his voyages and perambulations.—Their residence and pleasures at the islands of Scio and Mytilene.—Grecian beauty.—The effect of love upon our hero's mind and melancholy.—The ruins of Troy.—Visits a cave called Homer's School.—Voyage to Mytilene.—Love and Innocence, a Tale.—Berinthia saved from a watery grave by her lover.—His feelings on her recovery.—Fruit of their love.—Parental feelings on the death of a child.—Leaves Berinthia.—His "Farewell" upon that occasion.—Goes to Athens.—Relapses into his gloomy fit.—Wanders to the Castalian region.—Finds the poetical water strongly tinged with gall.—Returns to his native shore.—Fails to



shine as an Orator and Statesman.—Calls all men in power party tools, and rails at the Court.—Marries at length.—Conjugal happiness interrupted.—Makes war upon Governesses.—Advice to peeping women.—Raves in verse about his own self-created sorrows, and again goes abroad.—His sentiments and feelings on passing over some of the scenes of British glory.—On the downfall of the Imperial Diadem of France.—A contrast.—Retires to the Lake of Geneva, and takes up his abode among the scenes where Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, &c. resided.—Associates with the Vampyre crew there.—Monstrous productions of this scribbling coterie.—Leaves Geneva, and resorts to Venice.—Wretched even amidst the joys of the Carnival.—The Poem concludes with a farewell to Lord Beppo, and a hint by way of advice on the morality of his writings.

# D O N J U A N.

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## CANTO III.

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### I.

ON second thoughts, and these, 'tis said, are best,  
I cannot see why I afar should roam,  
To Spain, France, Italy, Greece, or the rest  
Of foreign climes, where Pleasure builds her dome,  
To find a hero—no uncommon guest ;  
I might have looked, they say, much nearer home,  
Where I should find of heroes not a few,  
Trimmed up in martial red, or green, or blue ;



## II.

Or sacerdotal black, if that will suit  
 The grave, dull colour of the Muse's lay,  
 That like the men who strike at folly's root  
 Dare not, lest censure's tongue should blame, be gay ;  
 The hypocrites, who hide the cloven foot,  
 Because the idly talkative may say,  
 The man who against vice the loudest bellows  
 Is after all no better than his fellows.

## III.

I might, 'tis true, have found a plenteous store  
 Of subjects for my Muse's rambling pen  
 Within the sea-girt round of Britain's shore,  
 That teems with noble bards and valorous men ;  
 And now I weigh the knotty point once more,  
 I think I'd better leave that rogue of Spain,  
 Whom I conducted to the beauteous Haidee,  
 To slumber in the arms of that frail lady ;

## IV.

And like the noble wits of Charles's days

Who found an easy way to Fame's sweet bowers

Rhyming in unsophisticating lays

The guilty pleasures of their own lewd hours,

Draw from myself—like those who sought for praise,

Covering the shrines of vice with specious flowers ;

The dissolute wits that hated virtuous wives,

And trumpeted their own licentious lives.

## V.

There are, I own, whose fevered life's a theme

Of aberration, whim, and discontent ;

Whose bosom is a fountain, whence the stream

Of black misanthropy is ever sent

In images, dark as the maniac's dream,

Who feels his woe and dares not yet repent,

To mock and mar with ill-dissembled care

The inborn happiness they cannot share.



## VI.

I hate the egotist—I hate that *I*,  
 Which brings me down to little space indeed ;  
 It heralds in a tale of vanity  
 Which very oft is troublesome to read—  
 I think the critics will not this deny ;—  
 But with my present purpose to proceed,—  
 I urge no title to peculiar grace,  
 So let us e'en like lawyers try the case.

## VII.

Suppose we then to northern wilds repair,  
 Where fortune seldom sheds her partial gleam,  
 To the lone barren rocks of LOCH-NA-GAIR,  
 Where rises into strength the DEE's fair stream ;  
 That stream near which with a majestic air  
 Courting the stranger's gaze and fame's esteem,  
 A stately city stands, that grants with ease  
 What the world calls the honourable degrees.

## VIII.

Of Colleges we need not say much here,—

They best are judg'd of by their wisdom's fruit;  
They're styled the seats of learning, but I fear

That learning is not always the pursuit  
Where towers and temples piously they rear,  
And chairs, and salaried offices to boot,  
And youths are congregated from all quarters,  
That care not much for stockings or for garters.

## IX.

There too in stately form you may espy

A goodly Hospital its arms extend,  
With most paternal love and charity

The helpless imps to succour and befriend  
That bear the founder's name, and where the cry

Of noisy boys, resounding without end,  
Is heard, and ever and anon, the clatter  
Of knives and forks, and well clean'd pewter platter.



## X.

But to the point first mentioned—let us see—  
 Lone Loch-na-Gair, of wild and Gaelic name,  
 The birth-place of our hero that's to be,  
 And by a song already known to fame—  
 A little *lairdship* as we've said on DEE  
 That now and then just boasts a shot of game,  
 And sometimes a few goats without a horn—  
 Our hero there—a breechless Lord—was born.

## XI.

Lord of the heathery heath and the mud cottage,  
 Or of a trout or two, if he could catch them;  
 But generally his fare was milk and pottage,  
 For animals escape unless you watch them  
 'Mid scenes where they run wild until their dotage;  
 And fowls, unless some other fowls will hatch them,  
 Won't come "like sacrifices in their trim"  
 To pamper even the best with wing or limb.

## XII.

Our ragged hero, though "no vulgar boy,"  
 And born to heir a fairer, rich domain,  
 Might there have roved and known no other joy,  
 Starving upon his native hill or plain,  
 Far from the crowd whom fancied cares annoy,  
 Revelling till mad 'mid Dissipation's train ;  
 But with the simple men by nature fed,  
 Labouring without a murmur for their bread.

## XIII.

Here had our youthful hero spent his time  
 Like lonely minstrel of the glen and dale,  
 And built on nature's rock his simple rhyme,  
 And told perhaps a far more artless tale,  
 To sympathy more true, more pure, sublime,  
 And o'er the heart more fitted to prevail,  
 Than all the stories of the demon men  
 And worthless jilts that have employed his pen.



## XIV.

But Fortune oft will play most curious pranks,  
 That make even those with wisest heads to stare :  
 She lifts the meanest to the highest ranks  
 And makes a lordling of the beggar's heir ;  
 The urchin that will scarcely give her thanks  
 And late was glad a humble meal to share,  
 Shall, if my lady Fortune takes the whim,  
 The very first in rank and merit seem.

## XV.

But let us not disparage Fortune's child,  
 Or those that owe their wealth or fame to others,  
 The world would be a rude and gloomy wild  
 If men were not to feel and act like brothers—  
 The sacred glow of charity is mild :—  
 He is the ungenerous soul the flame that smothers ;  
 And many bright examples might be cited  
 Of those who thus have had their genius lighted.

## XVI.

The youth whose tale I've chosen for my narration,  
 Had powerful claims to hospitable aid,  
 And luckily was placed on the foundation  
 Of the above most charitable shade,  
 For those who boast the name and generation  
 Of him who bade it rear its friendly head:  
 And there his grammar and his food he got  
 From learning's eleemosynary pot.

## XVII.

What talents there the embrio bard displayed  
 We will not say,—'twould seem they were not bright—  
 Nor will we tell the sportive tricks he played,  
 For school-boys take in mischief much delight:  
 Suffice it that we hint, as it was said,  
 He was from first a very wicked wight,  
 That for the scurvy wager of a fig  
 Would burn the Janitor's old worsted wig.



## XVIII.

He was not good at running—this you'll say  
 Is the chief virtue of the brave in soul—  
 It might be courage—but the reason lay  
 In a small part where nature claimed controul,—  
 Achilles' heel alone need fear the fray,—  
 Our hero's foot was round as any bowl,  
 And his protector was, for with his club  
 He thus could stoutest adversary drub.

## XIX.

'Tis well for some that others have been born  
 Before them, and acquired superb estates,  
 And titles their descendants to adorn,  
 Or else perhaps the order of the fates  
 Had run in different terms, and spoon of horn  
 Instead of silver, rattled on their plates;  
 And those who now their fellows scornful view  
 Had gone without a stocking or a shoe.

## XX.

Puff but the beggar's rags with wind of pride  
 Raised from a sudden gust of fortune's store  
 And set the brat on horseback, and he'll ride  
 Where scarcely mortal ever rode before ;  
 His suppliant looks he quickly lays aside,  
 And what of modesty he had before ;  
 Kindred and friends alike the wretch despises,  
 And shines in vices as in wealth he rises.

## XXI.

When the keen-sighted destinies espy  
 Deep stains imprinting life's succeeding page,  
 'Tis kind in favouring Fortune's hand to try  
 With splendid veil to cover passion's rage ;  
 To blend with specious guise the public eye  
 And make mad folly's son appear a sage :—  
 A peerage can do this—a peerage came,  
 And gave our beggar boy a noble name.



## XXII.

Transplanted soon from the cold chilly north  
 To genial scenes of England, see him now  
 Amid the youths who show superior worth  
 By daring like true lordlings to avow  
 Superior profligacy—issue forth  
 While Fame her trumpet soon begins to blow  
 Lauding the accomplished image of a race  
 That long have reaped gay wreaths in glory's chace.

## XXIII.

But noble blood we see degenerate grows—  
 Honours there are that will not bear the keeping—  
 The stream again at length as vulgar flows  
 As that in meanest veins we may see creeping—  
 And hence we sometimes witness curious shows,  
 A MARLBOROUGH pawning plate—a CECIL peeping  
 Through window-blinds to catch the longing eyes  
 Of milliner's apprentice—glorious prize!

## XXIV.

Hence we perceive with feelings that belong  
 To indignation and to pity too,  
 (For there are sympathies so very strong  
 That injured nature cannot them subdue)  
 Lords of the soil whose noble names have long  
 For generous deeds received from fame their due,  
 Driving their helpless vassals from the land  
 And spreading misery with a stern command ;

## XXV.

Striplings from gaming tables and the stews,  
 As pennyless, as haggard, and as fell  
 As the vile harpies whom such spendthrifts choose  
 To harbour with, and crowd their mimic hell,  
 Issuing with hands unhallowed to abuse  
 Their fathers' well earned honours ;—even to sell  
 Their coffin lids—so monstrously uncivil—  
 To raise the wind—such acts would raise the devil ;—



## XXVI.

CHATHAMS and NELSONS hoarding up their bags  
 Of money, from the public squeezed in taxes ;  
 And men with stars that should be wearing rags,  
 If we could rightly scan their parallaxes ;  
 PRINCES delighted clasping kitchen hags  
 Reeling like Saturn on a drunken axis,  
 More pleased the poker or the spit to wield  
 Than Britain's glorious sceptre and her shield !

## XXVII.

Abroad 'tis worse.—We will not far expand  
 Our view to prove the truth of this position ;  
 But for a moment look at JUAN's land  
 And see to what a miserable condition  
 The horrid sway of ignorant FERDINAND  
 Has sunk proud Spain—joined to the Inquisition  
 That cramm'd like tyrants down the grandees' throats  
 The captive coward wearing petticoats.

## XXVIII.

Even ladies too, we see, are not much better :

The ancient virtues now are laid aside :

They care not for the matrimonial fetter

In which their modest mothers glorified ;

LUCRETIA'S fame is now a mere dead letter—

Our modern belles have no such Roman pride.

Even now in print some wedded LADY CHARLOTTE

Shall tell you how she's doated on some varlet.

## XXIX.

Angel of truth ! forefend that I should throw

Unmerited remark on Virtue's train—

By Heaven ! I would not fix upon the snow

Of spotless Innocence one cruel stain

For all of earthly dross that shines below—

But I have boldly taken up the pen

To tell the world its faults ; and shall I spare

ANATIS' self because her face is fair ?



## XXX.

Now full of noble blood, and cash in pocket—  
 Cash that makes learning look a little thing—  
 And with a sportive soul that would not lock it  
 In caskets where no pleasure it would bring—  
 To HARROW'S famous school, as if to mock it,  
 Like many that surround the sacred spring,  
 Behold our hero sent—our Minor Lord—  
 And dubb'd LORD SQUANDER at the revelling board.

## XXXI.

What wondrous signs of early genius burst  
 From striplings born to heir a noble name?  
 Of learning's prodigies they are the first,  
 Th' inheritors of everlasting fame!  
 Our sprig of ancient stock too had a thirst,  
 But it was kindled from unhallowed flame.  
 He wooed the Muses but to show his spite,  
 And in lampooning placed his sole delight.

## XXXII.

Science has pleasant tasks to those that prize them

Toiling up hill to catch her dawning morn ;

But if you cannot master them, despise them,

And hold them up to ridicule and scorn ;

Our hero took occasion to apprise them

The Lord of Newstead Abbey was not born

To plod like dull philosophers and tutors,

Whom he denominated fools and *futors*.

## XXXIII.

Or if mayhap you're rakishly inclined,

And wish to banish all the moral rules—

Give Satire's blackest standard to the wind

And war against the fathers of the schools—

Call sophistry the mental eyes to blind,

And damn all doctrines of the solemn fools

Who love with equal fervour to abuse

Rakes, gambling tables, and delicious stews.



## XXXIV.

This was the precious lore our hero learned  
 And preached and practised as his lyre he strung,  
 Wallowing amid the mire, where ne'er was earned  
 The wreath of spotless fame by old or young;  
 Early it seemed as if his bosom yearned  
 To shine the leader of the immoral throng,  
 And chace the purer virtues from the mind  
 That warm, adorn, and dignify mankind.

## XXXV.

Our hopeful Minor thus laid the foundation  
 Of that strange creed which taints his gloomy page,  
 And thus he perfected his education  
 As many do in this licentious age:  
 Till tired at length, to guard their reputation  
 And check his course, the masters in a rage  
 Decried expulsion to our lawless hero,  
 Who laughed and fiddled at their wrath like Nero.

## XXXVI.

They might do so—he cared not for their ire—

He was not now to fear a schoolman's rod ;  
But if he had a spark of JUVENAL's fire

Upon their backs he'd lay it on, by G—d.  
The world loves satire—people too admire

Lords that can write—then forth there came abroad  
The POEMS OF A MINOR, something new,  
Though scoffed at by the EDINBURGH REVIEW.

## XXXVII.

At English Bards and Scotch Reviewers then

He raged like one from Bedlam's walls let loose,  
And tried to point a keen and desperate pen

Well charged with gall, with anger and abuse—  
But might have spared his pains—the Northern men,

Like others, cared not for his spiteful muse.  
So weak his Song, his Satire so ill aimed,  
That even himself was of the trash ashamed.



## XXXVIII.

Next Cam received him—Cam that oft has heard  
 'Mid Learning's shrines the dissolute voice of glee  
 Like sound unblest of night's unhallowed bird,  
 Revelling 'mid haunts long dear to piety.  
 Young Harold there he says to lore preferred  
 "His concubines and carnal companie;"  
 And so we fear our youth in wanton strain  
 Vexed with his mirth the goddess of the fane.

## XXXIX.

"He ne'er in Virtue's ways did take delight,  
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,"  
 And we may well opine what deadly blight  
 In age must be the fruits of such a youth—  
 Ah! let no noble mind however bright  
 Thus strive th' unsightly paths of shame to smooth,  
 And by the splendour of fair fortune's ray  
 Like a malignant meteor lead astray.

## XL.

Early perverted thus to shameful ways,  
The mind grows rank with noxious weeds alone,  
Lost is the voice of glory and of praise,  
And happiness, alas, is ever gone ;  
Nature in vain her beauteous face displays  
And in the heart black Envy builds her throne.  
Thus stung, to soften disappointment's gravel,  
Restless and sad, Lord Squander took to travel.

## XLI.

No tender accents breath'd in his farewell,  
Such as a man who loves his native land  
Pours with a saddening heart upon the gale  
Which fans the bark that wafts him from its strand ;  
These are sweet sympathies that only dwell  
In breasts where virtue's purest blooms expand.  
Our *Childe*, whom Fortune's smile thus lifted high,  
Saw Albion's cliffs recede without a sigh.



## XLII.

Though pampered thus with wealth by right divine,  
 And honoured far beyond his own desert,  
 He seemed to feel as if no ray benign  
 Had fallen upon his birth and warmed his heart.  
 As if the ancient glories of his line  
 Had fallen at length on an unworthy part ;  
 Ungrateful, leprosed o'er with discontent,  
 Railing at Heaven and human kind, he went.

## XLIII.

His fancy and his passion led to Greece,  
 But 'twas not to imbibe her purer lore ;  
 Fame taught him that still many a beauteous piece  
 Of ripening beauty decorates that shore.  
 He therefore sought amid the Egean seas,  
 The forms of love and pleasure to explore ;  
 To riot amid Cytherea's smiles,  
 And clasp her beauties on their native isles.

## XLIV.

He hated censure, though he pleasure loved,  
 And therefore wished to find some happy land  
 Where, though in luxury bosomed, unproved  
 He might to loose delight his heart expand ;  
 Where maids by qualms of conscience were not moved,  
 And wives were not declared as contraband ;  
 Where for crim. cons. no damages are given,  
 Except perhaps being sent too soon to Heaven.

## XLV.

But first he took in his wild wandering course  
 The coast of Spain, and landing there at Cadiz,  
 Began to exercise all Cupid's force  
 Against the tender bosoms of the ladies.  
 'Twould seem he never felt much keen remorse  
 To try what sort of game the lover's trade is—  
 And revelling fondly 'mid the Spanish honey,  
 He spent some time, and not a little money.



## XLVI.

Th' enticing manners of the Spanish fair,  
 Their figures and the way in which they move,  
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their winning air,  
 And all the ways they take to waken love,  
 Much pleas'd him ; but he found in Spain there were  
 Things that he could not half so well approve,  
 Priests, tyrants, bravoës, and an Inquisition  
 To send you in a hurry to perdition.

## XLVII.

He coasted then to Lisbon, and awhile  
 Where once the Taio rolled o'er golden sand—  
 Golden no more—wooed the voluptuous smile  
 Of beauties that adorn the Lesbian land—  
 Prolific wives their husbands that beguile,  
 And coop'd-up maids that have a loving hand,  
 Intriguing, languishing in barren cloyster,  
 For love they say will penetrate an oyster.

## XLVIII.

In Portugal a man may spend his time  
 And money pleasantly enough, if he  
 Has any relish for the true sublime  
 In nature's richest mountain scenery—  
 He may beneath the olive and the lime  
 Drink wine cheap from the manufactory ;  
 Or with some Julia or eloping Anna,  
 Rove by the Minho or the Guadiana.

## XLIX.

Our hero, as we've said, awhile sojourned  
 Amid the scenes where Camoens' lyre was strung,  
 And with congenial loves and raptures burned  
 For Lesbias brown and fair, and old and young ;  
 Till sick at length, their jealous minds he spurned,  
 And said for venal deeds they should be hung—  
 They cheated, jilted, robbed, and sold their smiles,  
 And Lisbon was of Europe the St. Giles.



## L.

He left th' Hesperian maids to their confessions  
 And wives to appease their tyrants as they could,  
 And the grave Padres to their old trasgressions,  
 Glad to escape the men who deal in blood,  
 For these are fellows that make strong impressions  
 Sometimes along the darkling Tagus' flood.  
 Like Argonaut in search of Golden Fleece,  
 He spread th' adventurous sail and steered for Greece.

## LI.

The Egean isles, now styled the Archipelago,  
 He reached—and here we'll state for those who want,  
 These isles, if thither any thing to sell ye go,  
 Are poor, and situate in the Levant ;  
 And if a pirate comes, mayhap to Hell ye go,  
 Unless the rascal's modest wish you grant ;  
 I would advise you to appease their gullets,  
 As the best means, with good hard cannon bullets.

## LII.

The plundering Corsair seldom mercy blends  
 With his rapacious acts—it happed howe'er  
 Our traveller needed not the aid which sends  
 A rude invader to the nether sphere—  
 He and the pirates soon were best of friends,  
 And kindly learnt each other to revere ;  
 LORD SQUANDER loved such characters to paint  
 And sung of Pirate Chiefs where'er he went.

## LIII.

He kept a pleasure yacht, and roved about,  
 Like summer voyager upon the wave,  
 And very frequently he would go out  
 Alone to visit some rude pirate's cave :  
 They feared with whom he held wild pleasure's rout  
 He would not always thus his bacon save ;  
 But Pirates, Corsairs, Turks, and sallow Giaours,  
 Were favourites of his—they are not ours !



## LIV.

Sweet Scio's Isle 'twould seem he loved the best  
 And SOPRIANO's mountain, green and high,  
 On whose romantic summits you may rest  
 And feed with fairest sights the gazing eye;  
 The scenes and temples that APOLLO blest  
 And all the beauteous isles that scattered lie  
 Upon the placid surface of the deep  
 On to the woods that wave o'er HELLE's steep.

## LV.

Beside the ruins of Apollo's fane  
 Reared by materials from the stately pile,  
 A cottage stands, in aspect very plain,  
 And not the largest that's in Chios' Isle;  
 But it was rural, and it pleased our swain,  
 Who there did many a lingering hour beguile;  
 There when he found no pleasure on the flood  
 He nursed his dark and melancholy mood.

## LVI.

He made excursions frequent to the coast  
 So famed in classic page—in search of joy,  
 But found it in barbaric ignorance lost  
 And pleasure like the Muses very coy—  
 He trod the bones of many a warlike host  
 And sat amid the ruined walls of Troy.  
 These lonely scenes to folly's wanton train  
 Speak awful lessons—but they spoke in vain.

## LVII.

There have been wanderers in the climes that boast  
 Superior fame, and shine with brighter ray,  
 Who if they Pleasure's fleeting phantom lost  
 Found Wisdom's god-like form upon their way.  
 Our lonely exile's mind was ever tost  
 Upon a sea of doubts and dark dismay,  
 Where his unruly passions and his pride  
 Spurned at the name of any other guide.



## LVIII.

He hated tyrant rules and governesses,  
 And Virtue is a dame that loves controul—  
 She talks of self-denial and modest dresses,  
 And bids us sometimes think about our soul ;  
 Some folks might heap upon her their caresses  
 He'd sit with no such vixen cheek by jowl—  
 His heart was made for love in warm degree,  
 But then 'twas love that glories to be free.

## LIX.

He felt it rather lonely in his roving  
 And therefore thought a mistress might amuse ;  
 He did as Greeks and Turks do in their lovings,  
 He bought one, as you'd buy a pair of shoes ;  
 One whose untutored heart had tender movings  
 Though bred 'mong pirates and half Christian Jews.  
 She was a fisher's or a corsair's daughter,  
 And knew no art but love's delicious slaughter.

## LX.

Her name BERINTHIA --lovely as the form  
Licentious fancy paints to wake desire—  
Mild as the balmy sky that knows no storm,  
Yet with an eye that owned love's kindling fire.  
There is about a Grecian girl a charm  
That still a classic passion can inspire ;  
And tho' their dress is rather odd, between us,  
They make a pretty substitute for Venus.

## LXI.

If you have seen the eyes of sunny blue  
And locks in many a beauteous ringlet wreathing,  
And lips like melting rubies, dipt in dew,  
And forms like alabaster fondly breathing,  
That in some eastern regions you may view,  
Unconsciously the soft desires bequeathing,  
You may conceive, and have a hankering after,  
Like our wild spark, the pirate's lovely daughter.



## LXII.

Berinthia was the HAIDEE of the isle,  
 Our hero though not shipwrecked, was the JUAN  
 Who shared that lovely simple creature's smile  
 By help of glittering gold, without much suing;  
 We will not, can't believe, he did by guile  
 Repay her love and kindness by her ruin—  
 We rather think he treated her with honour,  
 And squandered many a moidore upon her.

## LXIII.

Berinthia was his tutor—taught him Greek,  
 As Venus taught Adonis—her own tongue—  
 A language which before he could not speak  
 Tho' he had trod the land where Homer sung—  
 But it is sweet while pressing female cheek  
 To catch love's lore and accents from her tongue—  
 It is, tho' some may view it as a sin,  
 The sweetest way of sucking learning in.

## LXIV.

Cymon they say acquired the art of shining  
 When he to Beauty's pleasant school was sent,  
 And some upon Aspasia's breast reclining  
 Have learnt the whole good art of government :  
 Some too have got the solid means of dining  
 By simply trying the experiment  
 Of Love's advice and gentle revolutions  
 Upon their fortunes and their constitutions.

## LXV.

The JUAN of our story felt the power  
 Of Beauty, tho' 'twas thus his passion's slave—  
 She was the goddess of his rural bower  
 His guide and sweet companion on the wave ;  
 With her his temper was not quite so sour,  
 His cheek less pallid grew, his look less grave :  
 Tho' at mankind he railed for their deceptions,  
 'Twas plain he made for women some exceptions.



## LXVI.

O'er every isle he and Berinthia ran  
 Like Tourists, prying into all they could,  
 Taking a pretty picture or a plan,  
 And now descending to take humble food :  
 Like travellers who repose where'er they can,  
 They sometimes laid them down in good green wood,  
 Startling the wild deer as they wandered on,  
 Like Dido, Robin Hood, or Little John.

## LXVII.

Borne o'er the Egean main, our rambling pair  
 Roved where old Cos Meropis spread her smile,  
 The birth-place of Hippocrates, and where  
 Apelles' pencil plied its pleasing toil ;  
 They found, however, little pleasure there,  
 And often went to Mitylene's Isle,  
 Which is a very sweet inviting place  
 As classic lovers would desire to trace.

## LXVIII.

Scio, and Mitylene, and Valparos,  
 All claim the honour of great Homer's birth;  
 But their ridiculous struggle to engross  
 This high renown now almost moves our mirth.  
 You might, 'tis true, have seen from Tenedos  
 The siege of Troy, but now that sacred earth  
 Covered in song with such immortal glory  
 Shews few remains of Homer or his story.

## LXIX.

On Scio there's a place called Homer's school, a  
 Dark, ugly cave, like the Calcutta hole,  
 Where there is neither chair, nor bench, nor stool, a  
 Convenient thing to travellers on the whole;  
 They say the bard there brandished the ferrula,  
 And sung tho' he was blind as any mole.  
 Of this we have from history no mention—  
 I therefore treat the matter as invention.



## LXX.

The keeper of the cave expects some praas  
 For shewing it—our hero gave him three,  
 And a Greek testament, to show the laws  
 Against extortion, lies, and bribery ;  
 The master too, a ragged man who was,  
 Like all that were at his academy,  
 He gave a robe, his nakedness to hide,  
 Which filled the aged pedant's breast with pride.

## LXXI.

Berinthia widely too diffused her bounty  
 Among the maids who haunt the bays for fish,  
 For every fair in city, town, and county,  
 Love presents ; and you sometimes get a dish  
 Of better sort, if you don't scan the amount ay  
 Of what you give to gratify their wish.  
 Our pair thus oft surprised and pleased the Turks  
 Who are not strong believers in good works.

## LXXII.

At length they left the pleasant Isle of Scio,  
 In lovely Mitylene to reside,  
 For they seemed likely to become a trio,  
 The fair Berinthia, neither wife nor bride,  
 Being squeamish grown, and rather apt to sigh "O!"  
 And getting rather round and pale beside.  
 Her lord, whom thus she loved, to please his lady  
 Made them now get his dear felucca ready.

## LXXIII.

They launched their precious burthens on the billow  
 And set their sail, and steered for Sanchez Bay;  
 His lordship's bosom was Berinthia's pillow,  
 And they seemed very blest and very gay;  
 He looked as if he'd never worn the willow,  
 And she was plainly in a thriving way.  
 While thus they glided on, his fair enslaver  
 Asked for a song, and this was what he gave her.



## LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

## LXXIV.

THE bower where love is found will be  
Of every joy the blissful centre,  
If lovers, wise amid their glee,  
Remember FOLLY must not enter.

## LXXV.

Once, Virtue tells with tearful eye,  
When she was banished from the plain,  
The spouse of Prudence, CHASTITY,  
Resolved to shun the glance of men.

## LXXVI.

One care she had, one lovely care,  
Named INNOCENCE, and she was young,  
And much she feared some villain's snare,  
Would work the blooming prattler wrong.

## LXXVII.

Retired amid the greenest dell  
Of a lone isle amid the sea,  
The blameless pair resolved to dwell  
With heaven diffused tranquillity.

## LXXVIII.

And there they passed life's sweetest hours,  
From toil and busy scenes remote,  
Sporting amid the lotus flowers  
And light heeled fawns that loved the spot.

## LXXIX.

There duly fell the blessed ray  
That never set in sorrow's close,  
Virtue's own bright unclouded day,  
And night of undisturbed repose.



## LXXX.

So calm they lived—till INNOCENCE  
 One day beheld the feathered oar  
 Of LOVE, with feigned indifference  
 And summer bark, approach their shore.

## LXXXI.

Ah! need I say acquaintance grew  
 'Twixt souls so formed to love each other?  
 How swift the happy moments flew  
 While all that passed was "sister"—"brother";

## LXXXII.

And Chastity sat smiling by  
 And taught them sweetest songs of gladness;  
 To cherish virtue's holy tie  
 And shun the walks that lead to sadness.

## LXXXIII.

But whether Love's uneasy ever,  
 And fond of paddling in the water,  
 And Innocence is a short liver,  
 And knows like me nought of the matter ;

## LXXXIV.

Certain it is they took a notion  
 One day to leave the matron's cot,  
 And have a frolic on the ocean  
 Of joy in Love's sweet pleasure boat.

## LXXXV.

May's spring tide flow and sunny weather,  
 As wont, their kind assistance lent ;  
 While Love's soft sail and oar of feather  
 To sound of music gaily went.



## LXXXVI.

They saw the vales in distance sink,  
And left afar the green isle's strand—  
“Adieu,” cried Love, and seemed to think  
They voyaged to some happier land ;

## LXXXVII.

And sportive still the wanton threw  
His arms around sweet Innocence,  
When lo ! a gust of fury blew  
And whelmed in ruin every sense.

## LXXXVIII.

By mystic sympathy conveyed,  
The fate irrevocably dire  
That doomed the daughter to the shade,  
Condemned the parent to expire !

## LXXXIX.

Berinthia sighed as if she had not been  
 A pirate's daughter, but a child of pity,  
 Like simple maid that never saw a queen  
 And not at all acquainted with the city,  
 To hear how rudest shocks may intervene  
 As was related in this faithful ditty,  
 To plunge two faithful hearts in sorrow deep—  
 She little thought how she was doomed to weep.

## XC.

The gale increased and adverse blew, like gales  
 That care not for the misery they create—  
 Berinthia sickened, tho' the obedient sails  
 To please the fair were often changed and set—  
 O'er Gobriano's Point a gloom prevails,  
 And Sanchez welcome Bay is distant yet;  
 Sudden a gust of vengeful fury blew  
 And swept the fair Berinthia from the view.



## XCI.

The thunder has not a more awful sweep,  
 The lightning glides not swifter o'er the wave  
 Than our Ægeus plunged into the deep  
 The lovely partner of his breast to save—  
 The waters rose in many a mountain heap,  
 But he soon snatched her from a watery grave.  
 Her lovely tresses round his soul were bound,  
 And by that golden hair his love he found.

## XCII.

A sailor when he 'scapes the dreadful ocean  
 That buries in its womb his hapless bark—  
 The soul that trembles in sublime devotion  
 As to its Heaven remounts the ethereal spark—  
 The mother that again with wild emotion  
 Joys a lost darling's features to remark,  
 Feel rapture—but it equals not the burning  
 To see the life blood to love's cheeks returning—

## XCIII.

To mark that eye which was our light of gladness  
 Once more illumined by Heaven's sparkling ray—  
 To chace afar from her the gloom of sadness  
 Who was the sweet companion of our way ;  
 And oh the sweet, the strange, bewildering madness  
 When on that beauteous form of fragile clay  
 A double life depends—the hopes, the joys  
 Of future years that death alone destroys.

## XCIV.

He must be more than god, or less than brute,  
 As Aristotle aptly somewhere says,  
 Through whose cold frame such feelings do not shoot  
 With quickening interest some time of his days.  
 The misanthrope whom love did thus transmute  
 And to whose course we dedicate these lays,  
 Hung o'er Berinthia's looks with mute suspense,  
 And watched with rapture her returning sense.



## XCV.

By change of wind they got into a cove,  
 And safely landed were in Mitylene,  
 Where now this new Ulysses nursed his love,  
 But would have given no doubt full many a guinea  
 That his companion had not tried to prove  
 Her floating power on Neptune's wave so sheeny :  
 For it is said the lovely fair brought forth  
 A child which did not long survive its birth.

## XCVI.

It was the child of love and warm desire,  
 Berinthia's pleasures died with it for ever,  
 And fame reports with wonder that its sire  
 Wept with the little beauteous thing to sever !  
 This mournful tribute Nature will require  
 In spite of stern philosophy's palaver.  
 The roving sage whose heart had such meanderings  
 Now thought of change and mus'd on further wanderings.

## XCVII.

The wearied mind can seldom find repose  
 Even on a female breast, tho' fair and tender—  
 Instead of joy, it broods on endless woes,  
 And foolishly can love's sweet Heaven surrender  
 To go in search of phantoms, the Lord knows  
 Whither, or if they are of any gender  
 That may by Nature's unreversing plan  
 Be any wise allied to mortal man.

## XCVIII.

He who had looked with such a tender passion  
 Upon the lovely maid of Scio's Isle,  
 Now showed that 'tis in every clime the fashion  
 For men to love but for a little while.  
 Berinthia now could only wake compassion,  
 And 'twas alike in vain to weep or smile:  
 He left her as Don Juan left his Julia,  
 And calmly marked the day in his port-folio.



## XCIX.

His sentiments he could express much better  
 In rhyme, than in the dull jog-trot of prose,  
 And therefore sent her a long rhyming letter,  
 In which he bade her piously compose  
 Her mind—he certainly would not forget her,  
 But they must try to struggle with their woes ;  
 Another *child*, the offspring of his brain,  
 Now claimed his care and moralizing strain.

## C.

To Athens then he went, and sat him down  
 Amid the gloom of temples crumbled long,  
 Striving to catch the shadow of renown  
 Humming, if bats can sing, a bat-like song.  
 He feigned that he to fame was listless grown  
 And cared not for the opinions of the throng,  
 But much his heart with secret throb desired  
 To shew the Muses had his breast inspired.

## CI.

He never walked abroad till evening tide,  
 And then he crept to some old mouldering fane,  
 And mused till midnight there, unterrified  
 Even by the visits of the plundering train  
 Who come to break and steal the marble pride  
 Of Grecian toil, to turn to sordid gain  
 The legs and noses of the ancient sages,  
 Like Elgin, bartering the boast of ages.

## CII.

Through this dark mirror he surveyed mankind,  
 Their actions passing and their conduct past—  
 No wonder that his mental eye was blind  
 To all the fairer virtues that shall last—  
 To all the glories that with influence kind  
 Shall o'er weak man a bright'ning lustre cast.  
 With souls like his the proverb will agree—  
 "None are so blind as those that will not see."



## CIII.

He wandered too to the Castalian Hill,  
And sat beside the waters of the spring  
Where thirsty Poets used to drink their fill,  
And new-fledged fancies used to plume their wing;  
He found it now a very scanty rill  
That gave the drinkers little power to sing.  
We know not if our poet quaffed at all,  
But if he did 'twas deeply tinged with gall.

## CIV.

He seemed as bred in the Corycian cave,  
And nurtured by the nymphs that loved the shade  
Of those stalactic regions, where the wave  
Through grottos lone in Lethe drops is spread;  
Where stillness reign o'er all, as in the grave,  
And scarce a ray of Phœbus ever played;  
But now and then some sparry gleam illumines  
The wild fantastic forms that crowd the glooms.

## CV.

We will not swell our faithful Epic more,  
With what in Greece our wandering lord befel ;  
Tho' it is sweet to trace the scenes, the lore,  
Of classic land by fancy's magic spell.  
He now bethought him of his native shore,  
And took of Greece and Polycarp farewell.  
He home returned—excuse the weak impromptu,—  
A peerage is a snug good thing to come to.

## CVI.

It was with state affairs as with the schools ;  
In eloquence if he aspired to shine,  
He found he had not studied well the rules  
That raise the mortal man to half divine ;  
He called the greatest statesmen party tools  
Because he was not fitted for that line.  
He hated courts, and wrangling politics,  
And life was a dark scene of artful tricks.



## CVII.

Yet still he trod the round of folly's maze,  
 Where fashion leads gay dissipation's train,  
 And pleasure shines with her bewildering rays  
 That soon shall make the thoughtless wretch complain  
 Well does my Lady Brag who deeply plays,  
 And Lady Caroline, and Lady Vain,  
 And Thespian maids that shine by candle lights,  
 Know how LORD SQUANDER passed his days and nights

## CVIII.

And when the demon *Ennui* came, that lours  
 Even o'er the pride of pampered Pleasure's crest,  
 He sought the shelter of paternal bowers,  
 Where some give both the purse and nature rest,  
 And rusticate, to renovate their powers ;  
 But he, who was not of the wise or blest,  
 Appalled the fiend that thus so sadly dulls,  
 By drinking wine from his forefathers' skulls.

## CIX.

At length his wasted fortunes to repair,  
 He thought on marriage and its sober joys:—  
 He won a beauteous and a virtuous fair,  
 And passed some time in love's serene employs;  
 But pleasure was with him a child of air—  
 It is the sweetest dish that soonest cloy:  
 And he whose heart feels libertine desire  
 Is ever burning with Promethean fire.

## CX.

The bower of happiness is not adorned  
 By vain exotic gew-gaws, fancy bred;  
 Love and the peaceful Lares ne'er sojourned  
 Where man with pride the social circle fled:  
 In moody discontent LORD SQUANDER scorned  
 The fire-side pleasures and the myrtle shade,  
 In which the smiling blameless loves delight,  
 Chacing alone wild Pleasure's meteor light.

## CXI.

In vain the tears of virtuous love were shed,  
 In vain the sweetest bloom of Hymen's bower  
 With smiles of innocence its arms out-spread,  
 To wake the passions that the heart o'er-power—  
 The breast that should have own'd their throb was dead  
 To all that gives to life its golden hour—  
 Alas! no pure, no lasting pleasures shine  
 For the loose bosom of the libertine—

## CXII.

He hates whatever takes th' angelic form  
 Of virtue, dignified by woman's mind;  
 Himself as vile and grovelling as the worm,  
 He glories to degrade all human kind—  
 His breast is like the scene of winter's storm,  
 Swept by wild passion's bleak ungenial wind;  
 And of all wretches by rude passion curst,  
 A sentimental libertine's the worst.



## CXIII.

It is not in the softest witchery  
 Of smiles all meek and pure as heavenly breast,  
 Or cheek of rosy bloom, or azure eye,  
 Or deeper sacrifice of heart, expressed  
 In love's own tears, and gently stealing sigh,  
 Can bind licentious minds—mad and unblest  
 They flounder on amid their vicious lair,  
 Laying the crude foundations of despair.

## CXIV.

What would have rapture been, and sweetest spring  
 Of happy days, to any heart that knew  
 The value of that love and fostering  
 Which but for him in purest bosom grew,—  
 The love that with a fond and guardian wing,  
 He should have shielded and have cherished too,  
 Was lost on him—with cold unkind alloy  
 He poisoned all life's dearest cup of joy.

## CXV.

That loving heart, that mind so richly stored  
With all that charms till life itself decays,  
Which fondly chose him for their happy lord,  
And gave to him the peace of after days  
To keep—the gem that cannot be restored  
When dark ingratitude bedims its rays,  
He gave to misery with wanton pride,  
And widowed in her bloom a wife and bride.

## CXVI.

Don JUAN's wives were almost far beyond  
His calculation, they came in so fast ;  
The Don of womankind was very fond,  
But the bold Spaniard scorned until the last  
To feign he felt affection's tender bond  
When he the rubicon of vice had passed :  
JUAN confessed his errors very plain,  
or sung his griefs in hypocritic strain.

## CXVII.

If revelling found with demireps, actresses,  
 And the frail sisterhood that haunt the West,  
 He made no furious war on Governesses,  
 Because their tongues, poor chatterers, would not rest ;  
 Poor JUAN never madly swore, Heav'n blesses us !  
 Their blood was green and worms would them detest,  
 But our redoubted sage, who felt as no man,  
 Fell furious on a poor defenceless woman.

## CXVIII.

Women will peep, and women's tongues will move  
 When there's a secret that is worth the keeping ;  
 On all occasions that relate to love  
 The pretty things were never yet found sleeping :  
 There are who think it 's no crime to rove  
 Though 'tis a sad offence to be found peeping—  
 Mind this morality, ye Governesses,  
 And check your prying eyes and subtile guesses.



## CXIX.

Beware of vengeful satire, of foul ink  
 Discharged with deadly and inhuman rage ;  
 Think of the Lady GODIVA, and think  
 Of peeping Tom of the historic page ;  
 You know not of the strange unnatural link,  
 That binds the meanest heart to mind, that's sage  
 The futile venom that our Juan's breast,  
 Pour'd on his Lady's friend will speak the rest.

## CXX.

He said the earliest friend of her he loved,  
 She who had formed that mind his soul admired,  
 And led her beauteous pupil unproved  
 Through dangerous paths of youth, by virtue fired,  
 Was like a female dog-star, never moved  
 By aught that ever kindest breast inspired ;  
 And prayed with demon curse her grave might be,  
 No bed of rest, but festering infamy.

## CXXI.

Oh it is worthy of the noble mind,  
Of JUAN's virtue and of LARA's pride,  
To vent its coward rage on woman-kind  
When other means of vengeance are denied!  
And when a tale unvarnished, unrefined,  
Won't serve the turn, to rally on one's side  
The powers of verse, on the obnoxious classes  
To hurl the whole artillery of Parnassus;

## CXXII.

To feign those feelings which the heart has not,  
To talk of purest love in lofty strain,  
Of broken hearts, affection long forgot,  
And of fond violated vows complain—  
To wash away the deep, "the damning spot,"  
Where love lies bleeding on fair virtue's fane,  
Not even the Muses shall prevail—the Nine  
Abhor the deed and spurn the unfeeling line.

## CXXIII.

There are whose hearts are of the flinty rock,  
 Yet claim the tenderness of HAMMOND's lay ;  
 Who with a cold philosophy can mock  
 The cheerful scenes that bid our hearts be gay !  
 Rank Bedlamites, that would each feeling shock  
 Because they wantonly have gone astray  
 From the plain simple paths of meek content,  
 And found the flowers were false where'er they went.

## CXXIV.

The pen he took, alas! the poet's pen,  
 That ne'er should act the hypocritic part,  
 To tell the world in well affected strain  
 The soft and tender feelings of his heart—  
 In that pure bosom where his head had lain,  
 To plant with cruel hand another dart —  
 To bid a long adieu, “farewell for ever,”  
 To her from whom he'd promis'd ne'er to sever.



## CXXV.

Of self, and self-created sorrows still,  
 As ever ran his egotizing lay,  
 He raved, and called the MUSES from their hill  
 To bear his unrepentant sighs away.  
 No patron he of those who drink the rill  
 Where Aganippe's wandering waters play,  
 Yet did he think each Muse for him would weep,  
 When launched again an exile on the deep.

## CXXVI.

Can pride, "which not a world can bow"—vain boast!  
 With influence ungenial, thus subdue  
 The husband's and the father's feelings, lost  
 In passion's keen resentment? Then adieu  
 To tyrant pride for ever, if it cost  
 All that to nature, country, fame, are due.  
 An exile and an outcast may he roam  
 Who thus destroys the sacred joys of home!

## CXXVII.

As if he had in Bedlam's school been bred,  
 Or Bacchus' orgies had inspired his brain,  
 He bound a cypress wreath around his head,  
 And went to ride on Neptune's horse again.  
 From home and homefelt joys he wildly fled  
 As if pursued by some unsightly train  
 Of Bravoes, Endriagos, Catchpoles, Giaours,  
 Corsairs, or Demons with unearthly powers.

## CXXVIII.

To sour misanthropy abandoned quite,  
 Gloomy and dark, and more than ever railing  
 At fortune and mankind, our wayward wight,  
 On life's tumultuous sea again was sailing ;  
 Unpitied by the world, his sole delight  
 To seek and magnify each human failing ;  
 O'er Glory's fields he passed, and Threldom's pyre,  
 Without one spark of exultation's fire.

## CXXIX.

In vain that heart which paused not to impart  
 To woman's bosom an eternal wound,  
 Claims kindred with each great, each noble heart  
 In England's page for patriot deeds renowned,  
 That felt on Marston's heath the fatal dart,  
 And dyed in Cressy's vale the ensanguined ground—  
 That blood which flowed so free for England's sake,  
 No triumphs now for Albion's sons can wake.

## CXXX.

O'er Europe's late Thermopylæ he trod,  
 Where Britain triumph'd tho' her bravery's flower  
 Bleeding was laid on war's empurpled sod,  
 And stern Ambition met its vengeful hour;  
 But ah, he glow'd not as his fathers glow'd,  
 Who fearless bore the van of Edward's power:  
 The modern "Hubert" only ceased his railings  
 To string "old Robert's" harp to childish wailings.



## CXXXI.

The fall of that imperial diadem  
 That blazed afar with unpropitious light,  
 Like war's red star, and set the world in flame,  
 He mourned as set in everlasting night ;  
 And cried on Gaul and Gallic heroes " shame,"  
 Though he had gloried in the eagle's flight  
 To Elba's rock, and bade the vulture's part  
 His muse perform, to wound the hero's heart.

## CXXXII.

Like that unhappy maniac, poor ROUSSEAU,  
 He then retired to Nature's bosom wild,  
 To nurse at will his self-created woe  
 And whet the spleen of his ill-humoured *Childe*.  
 He went where sentimental wanderers go,  
 Who cannot get the lingering hours beguiled—  
 To famed Geneva's lake, romantic, lone,  
 Where they may drink, or sing, or drown unknown.

## CXXXIII.

And there he sat him down amid the scenes  
 That even ROUSSEAU'S untoward mind could please,  
 Where, tho' his frantic passion intervenes,  
 We joy to sit with matchless HELOISE,  
 Or rove where still she roves by fancy's means,  
 And catch her lovelorn sighs upon the breeze—  
 Ah! many a breast have dreams like her's beguiled  
 To breathe loose sighs and harbour passion wild.

## CXXXIV.

There, where the boast of Geneva first drew  
 The breath of Fancy's own romantic clime,  
 In humble mansion, now not over new,  
 And scribbled o'er with many a doggrel rhyme,  
 Poor Harold sat, or wandered 'mid the dew  
 Of Jura's mountain paths and scenes sublime;  
 Or launched upon the Lake amid the storm,  
 Rejoiced to see it Nature's face deform;

## CXXXV.

Rejoiced to mark the night of darkness deep,  
 Of tempest and of thunder loud descend,  
 And call it glorious revelry to keep  
 Vigils, as if o'er Nature's awful end ;  
 Pleased to behold the lightning's fatal sweep,  
 And see with horrid mirth the thunder rend  
 The mountains and the trembling earth, as when  
 The earthquake comes, to chill the hearts of men.

## CXXXVI.

So stands the lonely, scath'd, and ruin'd pine,  
 Amidst the desolation of the blight  
 That vengeful struck, as with a bolt divine,  
 Its honours to the dust, and bade the light  
 Of spring and joy for it no longer shine ;  
 Such was our wanderer in the waste of night ;  
 And such the ravages of passion's strife  
 That wither peace, and blast the bloom of life.



## CXXXVII.

There too, where hermit-like, but gay VOLTAIRE,  
 To nature's sanctuary retired remote,  
 And sat like Rabelais in his easy chair,  
 Laughing at others' faith and luckless lot !  
 Where CALVIN calmed his troubled day, and where  
 Immortal as his Rome great GIBBON wrote ;  
 Where MILTON's friend too dwelt, sage DIODATI,  
 And MADAM STAEL, prolific as potatoe.

## CXXXVIII.

In rival conclave there and dark divan  
 He met and mingled with the Vampyre crew  
 Who hate the virtues and the form of man,  
 And strive to bring fresh monsters into view ;  
 Who mock the inscrutable Almighty's plan  
 By seeking truth and order to subdue—  
 Scribblers, who fright the novel reading train  
 With mad creations of th' unsettled brain.

## CXXXIX.

There Frankenstein was hatched—the wretch abhorred,  
Whom shuddering Sh——y saw in horrid dream  
Plying his task where human bones are stored,  
And there the Vampyre quaffed the living stream  
From beauty's veins—such sights could joy afford,  
To this strange coterie, glorying in each theme,  
That wakes disgust in other minds—LORD HAROLD  
Sung wildly too, but none knew what he carolled.

## CXL.

From the wild waste of waters and of mountains,  
And gloomy minds that pleasure never fills,  
He roamed to lovely Venice, where the fountains  
Of love and joy unlock their sparkling rills  
At the gay carnival ; where you may count tens  
Of thousands, reckless of their swinging bills,  
In the voluptuous Gondola gaily riding,  
Like Cleopatra at her helm presiding.

## CXLI.

But there, even there, where pleasure spreads o'er all  
 A sweet delirium, an oblivion kind,  
 The misanthrope was deaf to rapture's call,  
 And even to beauty's loveliest charms was blind—  
 Borne o'er the wave in many a dying fall,  
 Not music's softest strains could sooth his mind—  
 He stood upon the bridge, like man of sighs,  
 And shut his ears, and closed his jaundiced eyes.

## CXLII.

So when the happy carnival is o'er,  
 You hear of nothing but repentance sad,  
 And sermons treating of the tempter's power,  
 Enough to drive a common sinner mad;  
 And thus a solemn methodist will lour  
 On all he thinks are radically bad—  
 Though there are out of Venice some that preach  
 Who in the sixth command have made a breach.



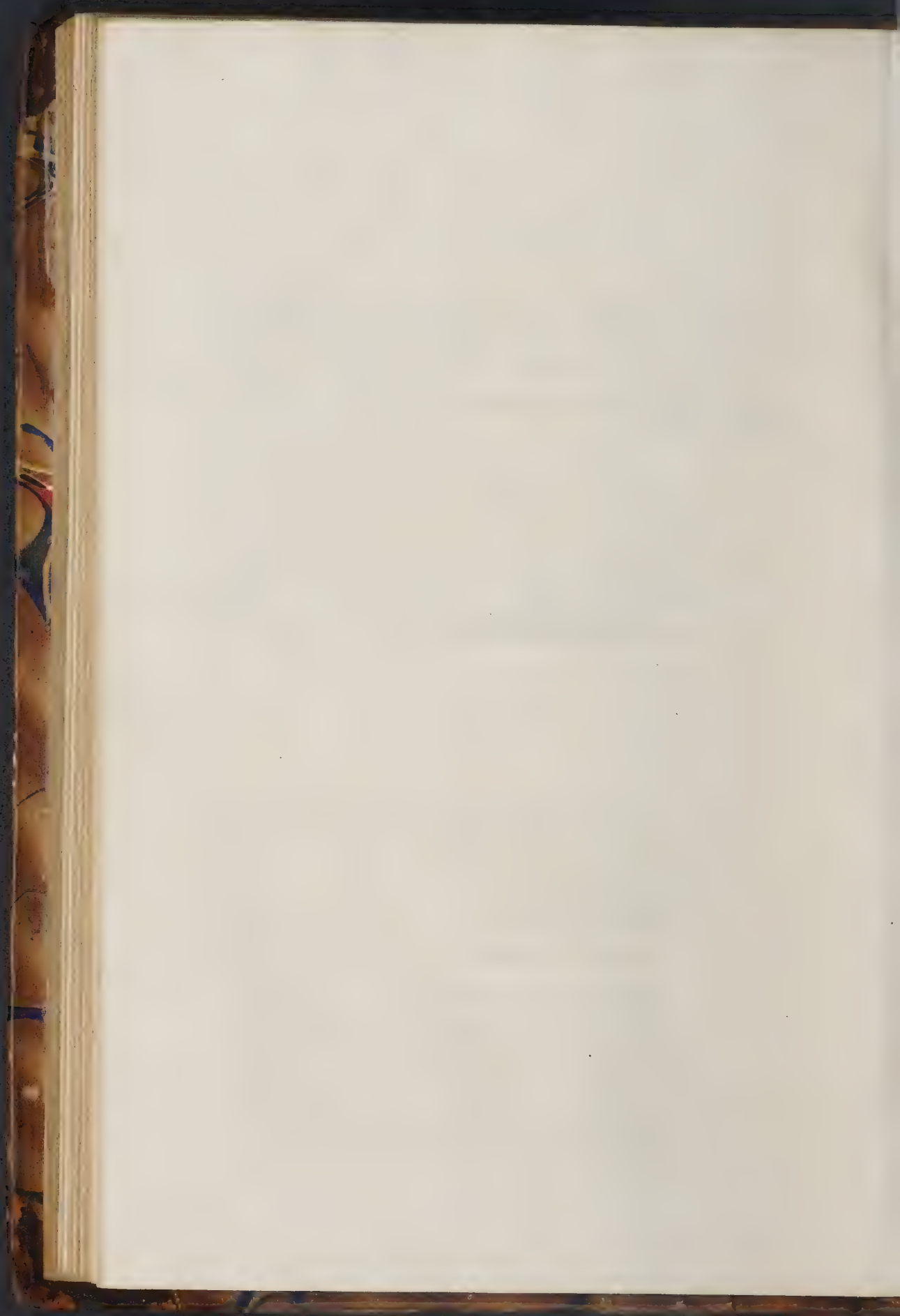
## CXLIII.

Here then we'll leave our wandering poet planning,  
 Some tale to speak the colour of his mind,  
 Querulous and dark, nor too correctly scanning  
 The moral of his story, or the kind  
 Of heroes whom his fancy's ever spawning  
 And setting up as beings most refined—  
 JUAN the profligate, poor whipt MAZEPPA,  
 The discontented CHILDE, or silly BEPPO.

## CXLIV.

“Farewell! a word that hath been and must be,”  
 And “if for ever,” still, so much the better;  
 And should you mend not your morality,  
 Another Canto, or a rhyming letter,  
 May teach, LORD BEPPO, your nobility  
 A due attention to this simple matter—  
 That scorn awaits the wretch, whate'er his pride,  
 Who toils for vice and spreads corruption wide!

**NOTES.**





## NOTES.

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*On second thoughts, and these, 'tis said, are best,  
I cannot see why I afar should roam,  
To find a hero, &c. P. 1. st. i.*

The first stanza of the Poem of Don Juan has exhibited the author at a loss for a hero : he is not enamoured of the glory acquired by military heroes, either of ancient or modern times ; nor is he an admirer of any of those examples of patriotism and virtue to which the world looks with love and veneration ; he has no notion of inculcating the necessity and advantage of imitating examples of moral beauty and rectitude,—he rather chooses to select for his theme the character and adventures of an abandoned libertine of the most notorious order, not apparently as a “ useful moral, or a discouragement to vice,” by depicting a dreadful punishment inflicted upon it, as the play founded on the story represents, but to dress up a fancied specimen of profligate immorality in the most

alluring colours, to war against virtue, turn decorum into jest, and bid defiance to all the established decencies of life.

- “ I want a hero, an uncommon want,  
 “ When every year and month sends out a new one,  
 “ Till after cloying the *gazettes with cant*  
 “ The age discovers he is not the true one :  
 “ Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,  
 “ I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan ;  
 “ We all have seen him in the pantomime  
 “ Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.”

The additional Canto here offered to the public, and the change thus ventured to be made in the principal personage, is intended to show that the author needs be at no loss for a subject suitable to the object he has in view, notwithstanding the “ uncommon want” he pretends to feel. Tom Shadwell, in the preface to his tragedy of Don Juan, informs us that the story of his vicious Spaniard used to be acted in Italy under the name of *Atheisto Fulminato*, in churches on Sundays, as a part of devotion. Tom Shadwell, though he delineated for the public a sufficiently outrageous series of pictures of vice, was a *blushing* poet—at least he tells us that he could blush in his dedication; but the noble

author of the Don Juan of our day, in endeavouring to improve upon the Spanish and Italian tradition, has submitted to the public without a blush or the smallest sign of remorse, a work which, notwithstanding its poetical embellishments, is scarcely fit to be read in a bagnio.

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*Suppose we then to northern wilds repair*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

*To the lone barren rocks of LOCH-NA-GAIR,  
Where rises into strength the Dee's fair stream.*

*P. 4. st. vii.*

Lord Byron acknowledges to have passed the early part of his life in the Highlands of Scotland. The scene of his infancy was in the neighbourhood of Lochin-y-Gair, or as it is pronounced in the Gaelic, Loch-na-Garr, (the Loch of the Gair) at the head of the River Dee, near Invercauld, in the North Highlands, where his father had a small property, derived from the Gordons, the name of his lordship's mother. The mountain of Loch-na-Garr is one of the most sublime and picturesque of the "Caledonian Alps." The recollections associated with the scene of his early days, gave birth to the following effusion of his lordship's muse,



which, though a juvenile production, is one of the finest and most pleasing of his poems.

### LOCH-NA-GARR.

#### I.

Away, ye gay landscapes! ye gardens of roses!  
In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,  
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:  
Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,  
Round their white summits though elements war,  
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,  
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-Garr.

#### II.

Ah! there my young footsteps, in infancy, wander'd,  
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
On chieftains long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,  
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade;  
I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory  
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;  
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-Garr.

## III.

Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices  
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?  
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale ?  
Round Loch-na-Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,  
Winter presides in his cold icy car ;  
Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my Fathers,  
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-Garr.

## IV.

Ill-starred,\* though brave, did no visions foreboding,  
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?  
Ah ! you were destin'd to die at Culloden ?†  
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause ;

\* I allude here to my maternal ancestors the GORDONS ; many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stewarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James II. of Scotland, and by her he left four sons. The third Sir William Gordon I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.  
—Lord B.

† Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain ; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action ; “ pars pro toto.”—Lord B.

Still were you happy in death's early slumber,  
 You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar,‡  
 The Pibroch§ resounds to the piper's loud number,  
 Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch-na-Garr.

## V.

Years have rolled on, Loch-na-Garr, since I left you,  
 Years must elapse, e'er I tread you again ;  
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,  
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain :  
 England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic,  
 To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar ;  
 Oh ! for the crags that are wild and majestic,  
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-Garr.

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*Our hero's foot was round as any bowl. P. 10, st. xviii.*

It is a singular coincidence that both Lord Byron and Mr. Walter Scott have been lame, (or as it is called club-footed), from their birth.

‡ A track of the Highlands so called; there is also a castle of Braemar.

§ A piece of martial music performed on the bagpipe.



*A peerage came,*

*And gave our beggar-boy a noble name. P. 11. st. xxi.*

Few have had more reasons to be thankful to fortune and to Providence for the acquisition of wealth and honour than Lord Byron; notwithstanding the spleen and misanthropical repinings in which he appears so much disposed to indulge. He certainly was at one time in a situation of life very inferior to the inheritor of a peerage. His accession to the estate and title of the Byron family appears to have been one of those remarkable events that can scarcely be looked for; which convert a distant branch into the principal tree, and make a new era in a family history. The following anecdotes of the Byrons, will shew the antiquity of the family, and the relation in which the present lord stood when the title and inheritance devolved upon him.

The family of Byron were early seated at the lordship of Clayton, in Lancashire. Sir Richard Byron, who died in 1398, acquired possessions in Nottinghamshire, by marrying the heiress of Colewick of Colewick. His descendant, Sir John Byron of Colewick, took part with Henry, Earl of Richmond, at the battle of Bosworth; and died in 1488. His grandson, Sir John Byron, had a grant of the priory of Newstead, in Nottinghamshire, in 1540. His son, Sir John, had three sons and five

daughters, of whom Margery was mother of Colonel John Hutchinson, the parliamentarian, whose Memoirs were some time since published.

Sir Nicholas Byron, the eldest son, was an eminent loyalist, who having distinguished himself in the wars of the Low Countries, was appointed governor of Chester, in 1642. Lord Clarendon says, he was "a soldier of very good command, who being a person of great affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, gave great life to the designs of the well-affected there; and with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, in a short time raised such a power of horse and foot as made often skirmishes with the enemy; sometimes with notable advantage; never with any signal loss."

He had two sons, who both died without issue; and his younger brother, Sir John, became their male heir: this person was made a Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of James I. He had eleven sons, of whom the major part distinguished themselves for their loyalty and gallantry on the side of Charles I. Sir Thomas, a younger son, commanded the Prince of Wales's regiment at the battle of Hopton-heath; and Lord Clarendon calls him "a gentleman of great courage, and very good conduct, who charged with good execution." His elder brother, Sir John Byron, makes a conspicuous figure in the pages

of that noble historian, for his activity, and the important commands entrusted to him. "In truth," says he, "there was no gentleman in the kingdom of a better reputation among all sorts of men."

On his appointment to the Lieutenancy of the Tower of London, the opponents of the court remonstrated; and the king answered, that "he did not expect, having preferred a person of a known fortune and unquestionable reputation to that trust, he should have been pressed to remove him without any particular charge;" but afterwards, when Sir John himself desired to be "freed from the agony and vexation of that place," his majesty consented to the alteration.

He was created Lord Byron, Oct. 24, 1643, with a collateral remainder to his brothers. After various honourable services, he was, on the decline of the king's affairs, appointed governor to the Duke of York; in which office he died in France, in 1652, without issue. His brother, Richard, became second Lord Byron; he was knighted by Charles I. and had a command at the battle of Edgehill. He was governor of Appleby-castle, and also distinguished himself in the government of Newark. He died 1679, aged 74, and it is recorded on his tomb, in the church of Hucknal-Torkard, that "with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, he faithfully served



King Charles I. in the civil wars," and that they "suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their fortunes; yet it pleased God so to bless the honest endeavours of the said Richard, Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for great piety and charity."

His son William, third Lord Byron, died 1695, leaving his son William, fourth peer, who died at Newstead Abbey, 1736, leaving five sons, of whom John, the second, was the well known admiral; but William, the eldest, became fifth peer, and died without surviving issue male, May 19, 1791, on which the honour fell to his *great nephew*, George Gordon Byron, the present and sixth Lord Byron.

The mother of the present lord was Miss Gordon of Gight. She is said to have been the last of that branch of the family who are descended from the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James II. of Scotland, who married the Earl of Huntley; from the elder branch, the Countess of Sutherland is descended. John Byron, his lordship's father, died soon after his son was born. William, the heir apparent, who had gone into the army, was killed in the island of Corsica, a considerable time before the death of his grandfather; on which event his cousin became the heir presumptive to the title; which some time after, by

the death of the old lord, his grand-uncle, devolved upon him, while he was yet very young.

Lord Byron's childhood continued to keep the title out of public view ; but in time he began to distinguish it by his eccentricities at school and college. He received the rudiments of his education in Scotland ; from whence he was sent to Harrow School, and afterwards went to the university of Cambridge.

The *eccentricities* laid to his lordship's charge, whilst at these places, are said to have been numerous, and to have been productive of some serious scholastic admonitions ; but whether to the extent of those supposed to have attended the irregularities of the fictitious hero of this poem, it will be the task of the biographer to shew. It is well known that his lordship early evinced his talent at poetical invective, and that some of his instructors fell under the lash of his juvenile pen.

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*A Marlborough pawning plate—A Cecil peeping, &c.*

*P. 12. st. xxiii.*

Some late proceedings in the Court of Chancery, and the anecdotes of noble and distinguished persons, related in the newspapers, will explain these allusions.

Childe Harold justly remarks:

—One sad losel soils a name for aye,  
However mighty in the olden time;  
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

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*Anatis' self, &c.*

*P. 15. st. xxix.*

A lady of antiquity, who being a goddess beside, was in her conduct rather above the usual restraints of decorum. Vide Heathen Mythology.

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*The lord of Newstead Abbey was not born*

*To plod like dull philosophers, &c. P. 17. st. xxxii.*

Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, was founded as a Priory of Black Canons, about 1170, by Henry the Second. At the dissolution, its revenues were estimated at £229, and it was granted to Sir John Byron, at that time Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest. It is situated in a vale, in the midst of an extensive park, finely planted.



The noble owner, in his *Juvenile Poems*, has given us the following beautiful lines on leaving Newstead Abbey ; they will explain an allusion in a subsequent part of the Poem.

## I.

'Thro' thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle ;  
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay ;  
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle  
Have chok'd up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

## II.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly to battle  
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain  
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,  
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

## III.

No more doth old Robert, with harp stringing numbers,  
Raise a flame in the breast, for the war-laurell'd wreath ;  
Near Askelon's towers, John of Horitston\* slumbers,  
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

## IV.

Paul and Hubert too sleep in the valley of Cressy,  
For the safety of Edward and England they fell ;  
My fathers ! the tears of your country redress you ;  
How you fought ! how you died ! still her annals can tell.

\* Horitston-castle, Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

## V.

On Marston,\* with Rupert,† 'gainst traitors contending,  
 Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;  
 For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,  
 Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

## VI.

Shades of heroes, farewell; your descendant departing  
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu;  
 Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting  
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

## VII.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,  
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;  
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,  
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

## VIII.

That fame and that memory, still will he cherish,  
 He vows, that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;  
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish:  
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.

\* The battle of Marston-moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

† Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I: he afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

*Whom he denominated fools and futors.* P. 17. st. xxxii.

*Futor* (Scotticè) a term of reproach, signifying stupid fellow, or any opprobrious meaning you may choose to attach to it.

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*The poems of a Minor,*  
 ——scoffed at by the *Edinburgh Review*.

*At English Bards and Scotch Reviewers then*  
*He raged, &c.* P. 19. st. xxxvi. and xxxvii.

In 1807, were published a collection of Poems, entitled “Idle Hours,” by a Minor. This volume was treated with considerable harshness by the Edinburgh Reviewers, on whom his lordship retorted with great severity in a satirical effusion, entitled “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” which had for some time a very rapid sale, but was suppressed by his lordship, who prevented a fifth edition from being published, even after it was printed.

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*Next Cam received him—Cam that oft has heard*  
*Midst learning's shrines, the dissolute voice of glee.*  
 P. 20. st. xxxviii.

Childe Harold has been considered by many as a portraiture of the author: he has certainly given us in the



character of the wandering and unhappy Childe, many faithful pictures of himself; and though in his preface he prudently disclaimed the connection, he has since by closer incorporation of his own affairs with the story of his hero, made that unamiable character appear his own. Of the early irregularities of the Childe, he speaks thus:

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth  
Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight;  
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night.  
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
Few earthly things found favour in his sight  
Save concubines and carnal companie,  
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

Childe Harold was he hight; but whence his name  
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
Suffice it that perchance they were of fame,  
And had been glorious in another day.

If a man can speak thus of himself he is certainly very candid: to this praise his lordship seems desirous of entitling himself; for in another of his early productions, not inferior in poetical merit to his celebrated "Farewell,"

he has not hesitated to pourtray and to publish the following painful, but finely delineated picture of the effects of a love disappointment upon his health and conduct.

*To* —————

[From "Hours of Idleness."]

"Oh! had my fate been joined with thine,  
As once this pledge appeared a token;  
These follies had not, then, been mine,  
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

To thee, these early faults I owe,  
To thee, the wise and old reproving;  
They know my sins, but do not know  
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For, once my soul like thine was pure,  
And all its rising fires could smother;  
But now, thy vows no more endure,  
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,  
And spoil the blisses that await him;  
Yet let my rival smile in joy,  
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,  
My heart no more can rest with any;  
But what it sought in thee alone  
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful maid,  
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;  
Nor hope, nor memory yield their aid,  
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,  
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;  
These varied loves, these matron's fears,  
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures.

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;  
This cheek now pale from early riot,  
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,  
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,  
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;  
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,  
For then it beat but to adore thee.



But, now, I seek for other joys;  
 To think, would drive my soul to madness:  
 In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,  
 I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet even in these, a thought will steal,  
 In spite of every vain endeavour;  
 And fiends might pity what I feel,  
 To know, that thou art lost for ever."

---

*Early perverted thus to shameful ways,  
 The mind grows rank with noxious weeds alone.*

*P. 21. st. xl.*

" Early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures, and disappointment in new ones; and even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel, (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected."  
 —*Additional Preface to Childe Harold.*

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*But first he took in his wild wandering course  
 The coast of Spain, and landing there at Cadiz,  
 Began to exercise all Cupid's force  
 Upon the tender bosoms of the ladies.*

*P. 23. st. xlv.*

All have their fooleries——not alike are thine  
 Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!  
 Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine  
 Thy saint adorers count the rosary;  
 Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free,  
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there!)  
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;  
 Then to the crowded Circus forth they fare  
 Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.  
 —*Childe Harold, Canto 1.*

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*The enticing manners of the Spanish fair,  
 Their figures and the way in which they move, &c.*  
*P. 24. st. xlv.*

Match me, ye climes which poets love to laud;  
 Match me, ye harams of the land! where now  
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
 Beauties that even a cynic must avow;  
 Match me those houries, whom ye scarce allow  
 To taste the gale lest love should ride the wind,  
 With Spain's dark glancing daughters—deign to know  
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find  
 His black eyed maids of Heav'n angelically kind.  
 —*Childe Harold, Canto 1.*

Her eye (I'm very fond of *handsome* eyes)

Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire  
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise  
Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,  
And love than either,——

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er her brow

Bright with intelligence and fair and smooth;

Her eye-brow's shape was like the aerial bow,

Her cheek all *purple* with the beam of youth, &c.

—*Description of Julia in Don Julia, Canto 1.*

---

*And Lisbon was of Europe the St. Giles, &c.*

*P. 25. st. xlix.*

The following description of Lisbon, is more true than poetical.

But whoso entereth within this town

That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,

Disconsolate will wander up and down

'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;

For hut and palace show like filthily;

The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt:

No personage of high or mean degree

Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,

Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd,  
unhurt.

—*Childe Harold, Canto 1.*



*Glad to escape the men who deal in blood.*

*P. 26. st. 1.*

It is a well known fact, that in the year 1809 the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but that Englishmen were daily butchered: and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend: had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have adorned a tale instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal: in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished.

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*Sweet Scio's isle 'twould seem he loved the best,  
And Sopriano's mountain, green and high, &c.*

*P. 28. st. liv.*

The following details have been given of Lord Byron's

residence and travels in Greece. They are vouched for, as furnished by one who had the good fortune to follow his lordship's footsteps through many of the Grecian Islands :

“ Lord Byron had come from Abydos to

### TENEDOS,

where he remained until the arrival of his pleasure vessel from this island. He made frequent excursions to the Continent, and here, I have no doubt, he wrote *The Bride of Abydos*. At the time I visited the island, every thing was in a deplorable state; the Russians had ravaged the place, the vineyards were destroyed, and all was desolation. The house in which Lord Byron resided was razed to the ground; it stood facing the *Hellespont*, and had a full view of the entrance to the sea of *Marmora*, the castles and shores of the Dardanelles: but I could not discover any trace of the wandering poet; all was lost in the devastation occasioned by war. The felucca of Lord Byron had arrived, and on a sudden he embarked and sailed for the island of

### SCIO.

“ At Scio, the landing of his lordship was hailed with joy by the natives, as he had been there before, and was



well known; the felucca was brought to anchor under the high hill of Delgath, and Lord Byron proceeded up the island on the high mountain of Sopriano, which overlooks every other on the island, and from the summits of which, the eye commands a most enchanting prospect of nearly fifty small islands, the distant continent and a placid ocean. Here stand the ruins of a temple, believed to have been dedicated to Apollo; there are twelve massy pillars, about forty feet in height, supporting a roof, through which the light is visible in many parts. I am no architect, nor have I a genius which tends that way; but I certainly have some general knowledge of the different orders, or I should have travelled with a brainless head and a blinded eye, over scenes calculated to awaken every generous feeling of the heart, and which only insanity could look upon with indifference. I therefore give it as my opinion, that the temple of which I am now speaking is not of Grecian architecture.

“In the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, Scio was conquered and ravaged by a fleet from Egypt, under the command of Johannes Sextus: his account of the island was so favourable, that he was sent back with perhaps four hundred men, women, and children to colonize it, and cultivate the manufactures of silk and cotton, for which it is now so celebrated. These Egyptians, I have no doubt, reared the temple of Apollo, but to a very different divinity; I should think to Osiris, from the em-



bellishments still remaining upon the pilasters, and the resemblance the cornices bear to those upon the temple of Apis, in Upper Egypt. However, my purpose is not to give historical disquisitions, and I have done.

“All around this ruined temple, tall trees wave majestically in the breeze, and upon the left a gentle cascade descends in murmurs to the valley below, and a small lake studded with little verdant islands, the daily resort of fishermen, receives its waters. The prospect is pleasing, though not grand, calculated to inspire the mind with tranquillity and peace:—

Within the ruin heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,  
And wondering man could want the larger pile,  
Exulting owns his cottage with a smile.

“Beneath the stately ruins of the temple of Apollo, on the hill of Sopriano, in the island of Scio, is reared a small cottage, by materials torn from the stately ruins which surround it: in this cottage there are only four apartments, and these very small; in two of them Lord Byron took up his abode, with his fair companion. 'Tis a singular fact that his lordship never visited the capital once during a three months' residence upon the island; nor can I even guess at his reasons for not doing so, as the town is an interesting object to every one versed in

the lore of Greece. He rambled round the island to every classical scene, and very frequently slept at the peasant's cottages, where he was sure to be well received.

“The school erected for Grecian scholars at Scio, Lord Byron refused to visit; but a deputation of the master and scholars he received politely. To the scholars he gave twenty praas (or a shilling each), to the master fifty pounds for the use of the school, and a robe for himself of velvet and satin.—In the Grecian isles, and every part beneath the Turkish power, the present of a robe is the highest compliment which can be paid to any individual.

“The departure of Lord Byron from Scio was marked by an act of benevolence. His lordship presented the boat which he had purchased to the fisherman who had accompanied him in his nautical excursions, and also gave him ten pounds. Berinthia also gave his niece, a girl of fourteen years of age, a handsome present, as she had attended her since her arrival upon the island.

“Lord Byron had, during his residence upon the island, explored every creek and corner it contained. The cave entitled Homer's School, he visited. Scio, Mitylene, and Valparos, all claim the honour of giving birth to Homer, and affect to show caves, which they call his school. Now, although Homer was a poet and a wandering min-



strel, history gives us no authority for supposing he ever kept a school: nevertheless in Scio, Lord Byron gave to the keeper of the cave a Greek Testament and some money; but this does not establish any opinion of his lordship as to the actual residence of Homer in Scio. The departure of Lord Byron from Scio was marked by much regret on the part of the Grecians, to whom he had been a sincere friend; and even the Turks seemed to lament his departure. His felucca arrived at Point Sombro, and Captain Hutchison attended him with his friend on board. The Turks, by an extraordinary exertion of gallantry, fired a salute of four guns from the castle, which Lord Byron returned by eight, as he left the harbour of Scio, and made a visit to the island of Mitylene.

“The day was calm, but the atmosphere soon took a lowering aspect, and some danger accompanied the voyage of my lord. Berinthia sickened; but the tender care of his lordship restored her to health. The gale abated: the vessel anchored in Sanchez Bay; and in a few hours they landed upon the isle of Mitylene. This island was a favourite of Lord Byron from his early travelling days.

“How far peace and happiness extended to Lord Byron, upon the favourite island, I leave the world to judge. The wearied mind seldom finds repose any where, and



even upon a female breast, indulges in sad melancholy, in place of rapturous love. Joy and grief travel hand in hand—they are concomitants; and I fear, we must consider them as inseparable companions in our journey through life.

“One morning Lord Byron arranged matters to go fishing, and in a large boat he sailed for the purpose, accompanied by his fair friend, who was very fond of the sport. After fishing for three hours off the Point Gobriano, a severe gale of wind came on, direct upon the land; the nets were abandoned, and the sails hoisted, it was found impossible to weather the cape; no alternative remained, but to bear up and run into the long bleak bay of Alicarno, where there is no anchorage for shipping, and no safety for boats, except in the north-east corner. The sea rose in heaps; and in endeavouring to luff into the cove, a most dreadful surge broke over; the boat did not overturn, but reeled upon her broadside, and, melancholy to relate, a boy was swept from the prow, and Berinthia from the stern of the boat. The sails were lowered, the boat almost instantly righted, and his lordship, plunging into the waves, seized his fair friend by the hair, as she was sinking, and swam with her to the boat, where she very soon recovered. By a fortunate change of wind the boat got into the cove, and they

landed in safety, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who had witnessed their danger from the cliffs, and never expected to see them again alive. After this, his lordship never adventured on the stormy deep in an open boat, from the island of Mitylene—not, I am sure, from any personal fear, but as Berinthia would not accompany him, he preferred the pleasure of her company on shore. It is impossible to conceive a sweeter scene for rambling, than through the vine-covered hills of this delightful island.

“The imagination may picture scenes upon the tablet of fancy, and embody them so that they cannot be shaken off the mind; but in Mitylene there is no reason to resort to the power of fancy, for all is life and magic around; the wood-covered hill, the descending valley, perfumed by every flower that blows, and the stream rolling in tranquillity around the temples erected in distant ages, and lashing the shores immortalized by Homer--these create a very great attraction, and rivet the soul to a classical scene.

“From every information I could acquire, Lord Byron appears to have been extremely attached to the island of Mitylene, but the death of an infant founded his determination to depart from it. He has been said to have shed tears upon the occasion. I am inclined to think he did, for I know his heart is good, and very tender. The proofs of his humanity are great. His lordship visited no island upon which he did not leave some marks of his



goodness. To the Greek church at Mitylene he gave forty pounds British; to the hospital he gave sixty pounds; and in private charity, I am told, distributed more than three hundred zechines. I am no advocate for the name or character of Lord Byron; his fame or his dishonour can be of no importance to me, any further than in a national point of view.

“ The sun shone sweetly over the Egean main, and all nature smiled around when Lord Byron left Mitylene. The soft eastern breeze soon wafted him to

#### COS.

“ Upon this small island there was no shelter, the cottages were not fit to hold their inhabitants, and not sufficiently capacious to give admittance to a stranger; but there was a friendly propensity in the natives worthy of attending to, and his lordship availed himself of it. There are not many trees in the island of Cos, but many extended and beautiful vineyards, and the highest tree upon it is that which bears figs. On the top of the hill called Junonia are the ruins of a small temple, three pillars alone are standing, and all the remainder is a wreck. Over the sweet scenery of the island his lordship and Berinthia ran with pleasure.

“ Lord Byron slept always on board of his yacht, no



convenient place being to be had upon the island. To those who have visited Greece the commanding prospect from Villa de Torneo must be very desirable; but at Corso Point, to which Lord Byron removed his pleasure vessel, his lordship was attacked by a painful disorder, and obliged to be landed, and the air did not very much contribute to his health. By the attention of his fair friend, he gradually recovered; and after dispensing his usual bounties, much more than the natives merited, his lordship departed, and arrived in safety at

## ATHENS.

“The attention, I was told, of his lordship at Athens, was chiefly directed to literary subjects; and in this celebrated spot Lord Byron took up his abode, and there spent much of his time in writing, and never walked out until the sun was down, nor returned home till near midnight.—Here, no doubt, he traced many of the scenes in “*Childe Harold*.” From the account I heard, his lordship seems at this place to have been impressed with deep melancholy. “*Polycarp*,” at whose house he resided, related many circumstances of him, but which I do not feel warranted in repeating. “As cunning as a Greek,” is a very old and true saying, and from our eager anxiety I feared he meant to impose upon us, but I

have since had reason to alter my opinion. As a coffee-house-keeper he bears an exemplary character, and it is generally no small recommendation to his good name, that the unfortunate Tweddell chose him for his guide through Athens. He shewed us a book, upon the leaves of which were inscribed numerous names, succeeded by recommendations of him and his house to future travellers. This book I did not see until a second visit to Athens. Amongst the names I observed Lord Elgin, Mr. Salt, Mr. Tweddell, Lord Byron, Count Monvelio, Monsieur Tallien, &c. &c.

“ The accounts were interesting at the end of each name, particularly that of Tweddell, who says, “ He is an honest man and an intelligent guide—*I shall never live to do him a service ; but I recommend him to my countrymen who may arrive at this much-neglected spot.*”

“ Lord Byron’s name has simply prefixed to it—“ POLYCARP *is an honest man,*” which I conceive the strongest recommendation borne on his book.—The name of “ TALLIEN,” so notorious, appears odd to be affixed in such a place, but I can account for its appearance in a manner not very generally understood.

“ Buonaparte, from jealousy of his talents, or his natural turbulent disposition, sent him to France from Egypt in disgrace. The vessel “ La Narcisse,” in which he embarked, was chased and driven on shore upon the island

of Gozo near Candia (the ancient Crete) by the Briton sloop of war. From thence Tallien found his way to Athens, and overland to France.

“It may be worth mentioning, in order to gratify natural curiosity, that this man, who once figured at the head of the French Government, is now reduced to such an abject state, that he holds the situation of French Consul at the Spanish port of Corunna.

“Lord Byron took many sketches of the ruins at Athens and its environs, and I understand expressed his opinion that the “Elgin Marbles” were of a modern date. In this I coincide with his lordship, and believe that, like the “Tuscan Vases” of Sir William Hamilton, many of them were engraved, or inscribed by foreigners, to take in Milord Anglais.”

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*He felt it rather lonely in his roving*

*And therefore thought a mistress might amuse—*

*He did as Greeks and Turks do in their lovings—*

*He bought one, as you'd buy a pair of shoes.*

*P. 30, st. lix.*

“Lord Byron's love is entirely oriental, the love of a



haughty mind, reposing on the bosom of humble slaves, swallowed up in the unquestioning potency of a passion imbibed in and derived from the very sense of their perpetual inferiority. The old poets regarded women in a way that reflects far more reverence for them—far deeper insight into the grandeur of their gentleness.”—*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolks..*

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*Berinthia was the Haidee of the isle,  
Our hero tho' not shipwrecked, was the Juan, &c.  
P. 32. st. lxii.*

Lord Byron appears to have worked up no part of his poem with so much beauty and liveliness of fancy as that which narrates the loves of Juan and Haidee. The aberration of mind and taste which could mix up the disgusting description of the shipwrecked wretches, who were reduced to the necessity of feeding on their own companions, with the following delineation of the simplicity and the susceptibility of women, is an eccentricity for which it is difficult to account. Juan has fallen asleep with Haidee in his arms, on the beach by moonlight.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour  
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,  
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;  
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude  
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,  
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,  
And all the stars that crowded the blue space  
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real  
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

They're right; for man, to man so oft unjust  
Is always so to women; one sole bond  
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;  
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond  
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust  
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?  
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,  
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,  
Some mind their household, others dissipation,  
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,  
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station ;  
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,  
Theirs being an unnatural situation,  
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel :  
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this ;  
Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun  
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss  
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters ; she was one  
Made but to love, to feel that she was his  
Who was her chosen ; what was said or done  
Elsewhere was nothing—She had nought to fear,  
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat here.

And oh ! that quickening of the heart, that beat !  
How much it costs us ! yet each rising throb  
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,  
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob  
Joy of its alchymy, and to repeat  
Fine truths : even Conscience, too, has a tough job  
To make us understand each good old maxim,  
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.



Lord Byron talks of his hair being grey at thirty: if the licentious compositions in which his muse appears now disposed to indulge, are the works of his greyer years, we would remind him that these are not the deeds of which the recollection will enable him to say, on his death-bed, "*Nec me vixisse pœnitet, quoniam ita vixi ut me non frustrà natum existimem.*"

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*Berinthia was his tutor—taught him Greek, &c.*

*P. 32. st. lxiii.*

Haidee's mode of teaching Juan her language, the modern Greek, occupies several stanzas of voluptuous description. It seems that,

———Juan learn'd his alpha beta better  
From Haidee's glance, than any graven letter.

This is too palpable an opportunity for displaying the taste and experience of the noble author to be missed. He, therefore, tells us, in his opinion,—

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue  
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,  
When both the teacher and the taught are young,  
As was the case, at least where I have been;

They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong  
 They smile still more, and then there intervene  
 Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss ;—  
 I learn'd the little that I know by this :

That is some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,  
 Italian not at all, *having no teachers* ;  
 Much English I cannot pretend to speak,  
*Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,*  
 Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week  
 I study, also Blair, the highest reachers  
 Of eloquence in piety and prose—  
*I hate your poets, so read none of those.*

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,  
*A wanderer from the British world of fashion,*  
 Where I, like other “ dogs, *have had my day,*”  
 Like other men too, may *have had my passion* ;  
 But that, like other things, has passed away :  
 And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on,  
 Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me,  
*But dreams of what has been, no more to be.*

There is an undissembled bitterness of feeling in the last stanza, that seems to come from the author's heart.

*Borne o'er the Egean main our rambling pair  
Rov'd where old Cos Meropis spreads her smile,  
The birth-place of Hippocrates. P. 34. st. lxvii.*

The island of Cos (or as Thucydides calls it, Cos Meropis,) was the native country of Hippocrates, of Apelles and Philetas, an excellent elegiac poet, who flourished at the same time. Hippocrates is said to have lost his parents when young, and to have travelled practising physic all over Greece, where his reputation was so great, that he was publicly sent for to Perdiccas, king of Macedonia, who was then thought to be consumptive. But Hippocrates discovering the disease to be entirely mental, proceeding from a passion for Philas, one of his father's concubines, a cure was speedily effected, and the reputation of the great physician was accordingly greatly augmented. In a manuscript poem on the subject of Greece, in the possession of the editor of this volume, there is the following allusion to this incident, which as connected with the island in question, it may not be irrelevant to add here.

Prophetic maids when on her fragrant isle  
Crown'd with the vine, MEROPIS woo'd your smile,



How did your triumph swell her rising boast  
That long, long echo'd round her happy coast,  
When mid her vales that young ey'd Science lov'd  
With Nature pleas'd your fond disciple rov'd,  
Where Heavenly powers with mellowing touch inspire  
Apelles' pencil and Philetas' lyre.  
And as rapt fancy grasp'd your boundless store  
Trac'd all your haunts and treasur'd all your lore ;  
When from her reddening heights and blossom'd vale  
The goddess sorrowing saw his parting sail,  
And as he mark'd his native hills decrease  
Rich with your spoils, and hail'd exulting Greece;  
Then did you triumph in your power divine,  
Prophetic maids ! and deck Hygeia's shrine.

Auspicious powers ! then mark'd you from afar,  
The sons of science hail their leading star,  
Your kindling spirit swell'd the trump of fame,  
And taught the winds to sigh your sage's name ;  
Then as you twin'd in wisdom's bowers below  
The balm distilling chaplet for his brow,  
While Nature's genuine lore inform'd the heart  
Ye crown'd him with the brightest palm of art.

Ah ! can the roseate smile of Nature's face,  
Or glory when she courts the fond embrace,

Immortal honours nodding o'er her crest,  
Awake no transport in the noble breast ?  
Ah ! can the diadem no joy impart,  
And dwells no power in med'cine's healing art ?  
Music awakes the soul enlivening strain,  
And pleasure's Syren voice is quir'd in vain.  
Why sighs the youthful monarch on his throne  
To all their borrow'd transports listless grown,—  
For whom, diffusing love's delicious snare,  
Smile in their bloom the Macedonian fair ;  
And vainer still, to bid his musings cease,  
Spread all their charms, the matchless forms of Greece.  
Ah, hapless beauty ! on a fairer breast  
The god of raptures fondly loves to rest.  
He as the fair one willing homage paid  
His blooming vot'ry in new charms array'd,  
And shot from brighter eyes the winged dart  
Skilful, that twice had pierc'd a monarch's heart.

Parents of love and rapture's pleasing hour,  
'Twas then ye proved your plenitude of power ;  
'Twas then ye watch'd the slow consuming flame  
And pulse that throbb'd at Love's and Phila's name  
When crowns and triumphs faded from the sight  
And Phila's presence only gave delight,  
You mark'd the magic influence of her charms,  
And gave the beauty to his longing arms.

*A sailor when he 'scapes the dreadful ocean.*

*P. 44. st. xcii.*

This and the subsequent stanza may be regarded as an imitation of the following beautiful and faithful description in Don Juan.

An infant when it gazes on a light,  
 A child the moment when it drains the breast,  
 A devotee when soars the Host in sight,  
 An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
 A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
 A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
 Feel rapture ; but not such true joy are reaping  
 As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies, so tranquil, so beloved,  
 All that it hath of life with us is living  
 So gentle, stirless, helpless and unmoved,  
 And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving ;  
 All it hath felt, inflicted, passed and proved,  
 Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving ;  
 There lies the thing we love with all its errors,  
 And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

---

*Like Elgin—bartering the boast of ages.*

*P. 49. st. ci.*

Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse have censured with



just severity the sacrilegious plunder of the ancient edifices of Greece; but the transaction which made the pockets of the British people pay an enormous sum for a quantity of lumber acquired by the expenditure of the public money of this country, is deserving of a still stronger denunciation. In the notes to *Childe Harold* we have the following remarks, elucidatory of a strong poetical philippic on this subject: the castigation inflicted upon the despoiling Ambassador, and the *Pict* who assisted him, is unquestionably well bestowed; but there seems something very absurd, and not at all national, in Lord Byron rejoicing that the plunderer was not an Englishman but "a Scot." His lordship's obligations to Caledonia have been already stated.

"We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld; the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a

scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon," were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest: but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry Antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits."

A still more regular and energetic protest has been made, it would seem, by the same muse against the spoliation of the temples of Pallas, in the following poem, which deserves to be preserved.

#### THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

Slow sinks now lovely ere his race be run  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;  
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light;

O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,  
 Gilds the green wave that trembles as it flows ;  
 On old Ægea's rock and Hydra's isle,  
 The God of gladness sheds his parting smile.

Long had I mused and measured every trace  
 The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,  
 When lo ! a giant-form before me strode,  
 And PALLAS hail'd me in her own abode.  
 Yes—'twas MINERVA's self—but ah ! how changed  
 Since o'er the Dardan fields in arms she ranged !  
 Not such as erst by her divine command,  
 Her form appear'd from PHIDIAS' plastic hand.  
 Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,  
 Her idle Ægis bore no Gorgon now ;  
 Her helm was deep indented, and her lance  
 Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance :  
 The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,  
 Shrunken from her hand and wither'd in her grasp.  
 And ah ! though still the brightest of the sky,  
 Celestial tears bedew'd her large blue eye ;  
 Round her rent casque her owlet circled low,  
 And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Mortal ! ” ('twas thus she spoke) “ that blush of shame  
 Proclaims thee Briton—once a noble name—



First of the mighty, foremost of the free,  
 Now honour'd less by all, but least by me;  
 Chief of thy foes shall PALLAS still be found:  
 Seek'st thou the cause? oh, Mortal! look around.  
 Lo! here, in spite of war and wasting fire,  
 I saw successive tyrannies expire;  
 'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,  
 Thy Country sends a spoiler worse than both.  
 Survey this vacant violated fane,  
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain;—  
 These CECROPS placed—this PERICLES adorn'd;  
 That HADRIAN rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd;  
 What more I owe let gratitude attest,  
 Know, ALARIC and \* \* \* \* \* did the rest.—  
 That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,  
 Th' insulted wall sustains his hated name.\*

\* It is related by a late oriental traveller that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples: this inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person (doubtless inspired by the patron-goddess) has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the *laird*, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.

For \* \* \* \* \*’s fame thus grateful PALLAS pleads  
 Below, his name ; above behold his deeds.  
 Be ever hail’d with equal honour here,  
 The Gothic monarch, and the British \* \* \* \* \*.  
 Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,  
 But basely stole what less Barbarians won :  
 So, when the lion quits the fell repast,  
 Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last ;  
 Flesh, limbs, and blood, the former make their own,  
 The last base brute securely gnaws the bone.  
 Yet still the Gods are just, and crimes are crost :  
 See here, what \* \* \* \* \* won, and what he lost.  
 Another name with his pollutes my shrine ;  
 Behold, where DIAN’S beams disdain to shine :—  
 Some retributions still might PALLAS claim,  
 When VENUS half-aveng’d MINERVA’S shame.”\*  
 She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,  
 To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye :  
 “ Daughter of JOVE ; in Britain’s injur’d name,  
 A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.  
 Frown not on England—England owns him not :—  
 Athena ? no—the plunderer was a Scott†.

\* The portrait of Sir WM. D’AVENANT illustrates this line.

† The plaster wall on the west side of the Temple of MINERVA-POLIAS bears the following inscription, cut in very deep characters :—

*Quod non fecerunt Goti*

*Hoc fecerunt Scoti.*”—HOBHOUSE’S Travels in Greece, &c. p. 345.

Ask'st thou the difference ? From fair Phyle's towers  
Survey Bœotia :—Caledonia's powers—

\* \* \* \*

And well I know within that murky land

\* \* \* \*

Dispatch her reckoning children far and wide :

Some east, some west, some—every where but north.

\* \* \* \*

And thus accursed be the day and year

She sent a Pict to play the felon here.

Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,

And dull Bœotia gave a PINDAR birth.

So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,

Bound to no clime, and victors o'er the grave,

Shake off the mossy slime of such a land,

And shine like children of a happier strand.

“ Mortal ! ” (the blue-eyed maid resumed once more)

“ Bear back my mandate to thy native shore ;

Though fallen, alas ! this vengeance yet is mine,

To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.

Hear, then, in silence, Pallas' stern behest,

Hear and believe, for time will tell the rest :

First on the head of him who did the deed

My curse shall light, on him and all his seed ;

Without one spark of intellectual fire,

Be all his sons as senseless as their sire :



If one with wit the parent breed disgrace,  
 Believe him bastard of a better race;  
 Still with his hireling Artists let him prate,  
 And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate\*.  
 Long of their patron's *gusto* let them tell,  
 Whose noblest native *gusto*—is to sell:  
 To sell, and make (may shame record the day)

The State receiver of his pilfer'd prey!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,  
 Some calm spectator, as he takes his view†

\* Un sot trouvé toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.—(BOILEAU, LA ROCHEFOUCAULT, &c.)

† Nor will this conduct [the sacrilegious plunder of ancient edifices] appear wonderful in men, either by birth, or by habits and grovelling passions, barbarians, (i. e. Goths) when in our own times, and almost before our own eyes, persons of rank and education have not hesitated to disfigure the most ancient and the most venerable monuments of Grecian architecture; to tear the works of Phidias and Praxiteles from their original position, and demolish fabrics, which time, war, and barbarism, had respected during twenty centuries. The French whose rapacity the voice of Europe has so loudly and so justly censured, did not incur the guilt of dismantling ancient edifices; they spared the walls, and contented themselves with statues and paintings, and even these they have collected and arranged in halls and galleries, for

In silent admiration, mixed with grief,  
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.  
 Loathed in life, scarce pardoned in the dust,  
 May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust ;  
 Link'd with the fool who fired th' Ephesian dome,  
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb.  
 EROSTRATUS and \* \* \* \* e'er shall shine  
 In many a branding page and burning line.  
 Alike condemned, for aye to stand accursed,  
 Perchance the second viler than the first :  
 So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,  
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!"

---

*He wandered too to the Castalian Hill, &c.*

*P. 50. st. ciii.*

It does indeed appear, that the wandering author of the unhappy *Childe* did not find the waters of the Castalian fountain very sweet. Though not always pleasant or poetical, truth should be spoken. Hear the account

the inspection of travellers of all nations ; while, if report does not deceive us, our plunderers have ransacked the temples of Greece to sell their booty to the highest bidder, or at best, to piece the walls of some obscure old mansion with fragments of Parian marble, and of Attic sculpture." (*Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy*, p. 158.)

which the noble traveller has given us of his visit to the regions of inspiration.

“ The fountain of Dirce turns a mill ; at least my companion (who resolving to be at once cleanly and classical bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and any body who thinks it worth his while may contradict him. At Castri (Delphos) we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a *villainous twang*, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Doctor Chandler.” (No wonder the verses of the poor *Childe* seem to smack of the twang so strongly complained of.) “ I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia (adds his lordship) but excepting the view from the monastery of Megaspelion, which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country) and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.” Such is the account Lord Byron (though an adorer of Greece) has given us of the most interesting region, in a poetical point of view, of that classical land. Thus it is that there are those who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say “ ’tis all barren.” The following is a better and much more satisfactory account of the present state of the celebrated districts still so interesting to the imagination of the classic reader.



## THE KASTALIAN SPRING.

“The Kastalian spring is clear, and forms an excellent beverage; but I confess that its waters produced none of those effects upon me, which were felt by travellers of more lively imaginations, or more tender stomachs, than myself.

“ Nil tum Castaliæ rivis communibus undæ

“ Dissimiles —”

“Dr. Spon, it seems, was converted into a poet by its draught! while, in Dr. Chandler (a far more credible fact) it manifested its effects in a stomach-ache and a shivering fit. But if similar results were the uniform product of the Kastalian spring, we might expect to find all the inhabitants of Kastri particularly liable to frigid shiverings, or poetic extacies.

“The water which oozes from the rock, was in ancient times introduced into a hollow square, where it was retained for the use of the Pythia and the oracular priests. Some steps that are cut in the rock formed a descent to this bath. The face and sides of the precipice, which inclose the spring, have been cut and flattened: it was no doubt anciently covered in; for it cannot well be imagined that the Pythoness laved her holy limbs in open

day. A circular niche, which was probably designed for a statue, is cut in the face of the rock: a small arch and passage is seen on the western side a little above the usual level of the spring: this was made to let off the superfluous water. At the opposite side is the diminutive chapel of Saint John, which seems to have been contrived in order to exhibit the triumph of the Cross, over the adoration of Apollo and the Muses.

“ The fountain is ornamented with pendant ivy, and overshadowed by a large fig-tree, the roots of which have penetrated the fissures of the rock, while its wide-spreading branches throw a cool and refreshing gloom over this interesting spot. At the front of the spring we were gratified by the sight of a majestic plane tree, that nearly defends it from the rays of the sun, which shines on it only a few hours in the day. Homer, in his Hymn to Apollo, mentions the fount Delphousa at this place, probably meaning the Kastalian.

“ Above the Phædriades is a plain, and a small lake, the waters of which enter a *katabathron*, or chasm; and it is probably from this that the Kastalian spring is supplied. The superfluous water, after trickling amongst the rocks, crosses the road, and enters a modern fount, from which it makes a quick descent to the bottom of the valley, through a narrow and rocky glen, fringed with olive and mulberry trees, when it joins the little river Pleistos, and



enters the sea near the ruins of Kirra. While we were at Delphi, the Kastalian spring was flowing in a copious stream, and formed several small cascades, the appearance of which was highly picturesque. The sides of the fountain were covered with fine water-cresses: I gathered some for dinner, which the poor people observing, asked if they were medicinal; and when I explained to them how they were to be eaten, they communicated the discovery to the others; and, the next morning, I met a party of the villagers returning from the spring, each with a provision of the newly discovered vegetable: they thanked me for the information I had given them; and, pointing to their cresses, told me they should for the future give them the name *Frankochorton*, or the Frank's Herb. The poorer Greeks, particularly those who live so far from the sea, have so little to eat during their long and rigorous fasts, that the discovery of a new vegetable, which they did not know was palatable or wholesome, was a circumstance of some importance to them."—*Dodwell's Travels in Greece*.

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*He seemed as bred in the Corycian Cave, &c.*

*P. 50. st. civ.*

The Corycian cave in the regions of Parnassus has been



described by various travellers, but no where more perspicuously, or with more felicity, than by Mr. Raikes.

“ The narrow and low entrance of the cave spread at once into a chamber three hundred and thirty feet long, by nearly two hundred wide; the stalactites from the top hung in the most graceful forms, the whole length of the roof, and fell, like drapery, down the sides. The depth of the folds was so vast, and the masses thus suspended in the air were so great, that the relief and fullness of these natural hangings were as complete as the fancy could have wished. They were not like concretions or incrustations, mere coverings of the rock; they were the gradual growth of ages, disposed in the most simple and majestic forms, and so rich and large, as to accord with the size and loftiness of the cavern. The stalagmites below and on the sides of the chamber were still more fantastic in their forms, than the pendants above, and struck the eye with the fancied resemblance of vast human figures.

“ At the end of this great vault, a narrow passage leads down a wet slope of rock; with some difficulty, from the slippery nature of the ground on which I trod, I went a considerable way on, until I came to a place where the descent grew very steep, and my light being nearly exhausted, it seemed best to return. On my way back, I found half buried in the clay, on one side of the pas-

sage, a small antique Patera, of the common black and red ware. The incrustation of the grotto had begun to appear; but it was unbroken, and I was interested in finding this simple relic of the homage once paid to the Corycian nymphs by the ancient inhabitants of the country. The stalagmitic formations on the entrance of this second passage are wild as imagination can conceive, and of the most brilliant whiteness.

“ It would not require a fancy, lively, like that of the ancient Greeks, to assign this beautiful grotto, as a residence to the nymphs. The stillness which reigns through it, only broken by the gentle sound of the water, which drops from the point of the stalactites, the ὕδατ' ἀενάοντα of the grotto of the nymphs in the *Odyssey*, the dim light admitted by its narrow entrance, and reflected by the white ribs of the roof, with all the miraculous decorations of the interior, would impress the most insensible with feelings of awe, and lead him to attribute the influence of the scene to the presence of some supernatural being.”  
(*Remarks on parts of Bœotia and Phocis, from the Journals of Mr. Raikes.*)

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*Appalled the fiend that thus so sadly dells,  
By drinking wine from his forefathers' skulls.*

P. 52. st. cviii.

Our Don Juan in his greener age is said to have at-

tempted to rival his adopted namesake in his disgusting daring, so far as to have actually indulged in feats of this kind; and the following stanzas give countenance to this assertion :

## LINES,

*Engraved on the silver Foot of a Skull, mounted as a Cup for  
Wine.*

## 1.

Start not!—nor deem my spirit fled,  
In me behold the only skull  
From which (unlike a living head)  
Whatever flows is never dull.

## 2.

I lived—I loved—I quaffed like thee  
I died—let earth my bones resign!  
Fill up—thou canst not injure me,  
The Worm hath fouler lips than thine.

## 3.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,  
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood,  
And circle in the goblet's shape  
The drink of Gods, than reptiles' food.



## 4.

Where once my wit perchance hath shone  
 In aid of others let me shine,  
 And when, alas! our brains are gone,  
 What nobler substitute than wine?

## 5.

Quaff whilst thou canst!—another race,  
 When thou and thine like me are sped,  
 May rescue thee from earth's embrace,  
 And rhyme and revel with the dead.

## 6.

Why not?—since through life's little day  
 Our heads such sad effects produce,  
 Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,  
 This chance is their's, to be of use.

---

*At length his wasted fortune to repair,  
 He thought on marriage and its sober joys:—*

*P. 53. st. cix.*

On January 2, 1815, Lord Byron was married to the beautiful and accomplished Anne-Isabella, only child of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel, Bart. by whom he has one

daughter. This union, which, at first, promised every happiness, has unfortunately deceived the hopes of both parties; but has given birth to two poems on Lord Byron's "Domestic Circumstances," which will not easily be forgotten: the first, remarkable for its affectation of regret and sensibility at an event which his lordship could himself have easily prevented; and the second for the inveterate spirit of resentment and deep settled malevolence which pervade every line.

After the union, it was soon discovered how different were the habits and manners of the contracted pair.

Towards the close of 1815, the tongue of rumour had begun to whisper some intimations of that wedded discord which soon unfortunately became the subject of conversation from one extremity of the empire to another. His lordship's turn of mind was not at all times favourable to the cheerful socialities of the fire-side. It would be idle, and be perhaps looked upon as invidious, to repeat the various statements made to account for the separation which ensued; but it seems admitted on all sides, that no common kind of matrimonial disarrangement had arisen between Lord Byron and his lady, as a legal instrument of separation was signed by both parties; and his lordship shortly afterwards quitted his native land.

*But our redoubted sage, who felt as no man,  
Fell furious on a poor defenceless woman.*

*P. 57. st. cxvii.*

The "Sketch from Private Life," in which a noble muse has striven to give immortality to its hatred against a defenceless woman is well known; but as that production, like some other effusions of the noble writer's pen, is likely to become at some period a *curiosity*, it may gratify the taste of some future connoisseur to find it included in these illustrations. It will show with what deliberation a refined and exalted mind can voluntarily degrade its powers, and indulge in passion and desire for revenge, till it reaches the climax of absurdity and disgust.

#### A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,  
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;  
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,  
And from its wages only to be guess'd—  
Rais'd from the toilet to the table—where  
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.



With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd  
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.  
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—  
The genial confidante, and general spy—  
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—  
An only infant's earliest governess!  
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,  
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.  
An adept next in penmanship she grows,  
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:  
What she had made the pupil of her art.  
None know—but that high soul secured the heart  
And panted for the truth it could not hear,  
With longing breast and undeluded ear.

Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind,  
Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind,  
Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—  
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil,  
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down  
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—  
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—  
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—  
Nor fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,  
Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.  
Serenely purest of her sex that live,  
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,

Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,  
-She deems that all should be like her below ;  
Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,  
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme : now laid aside too long,  
The baleful burthen of this honest song—  
Though all her former functions are no more,  
She rules the circle which she served before.  
If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;  
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake ;  
If early habits—those false links, which bind  
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—  
Have given her power too deeply to instil  
The angry essence of her deadly will ;  
If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,  
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;  
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,  
And leave the venom there she did not find ;  
What marvel that this hag of hatred works  
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,  
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,  
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ?  
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints  
With all the kind mendacity of hints,  
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—  
A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;

A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,  
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming ;  
A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal ;  
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :  
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;  
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.  
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood  
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,  
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,  
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—  
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace  
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—  
Look on her features! and behold her mind  
As in a mirror of itself defined :  
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—  
There is no trait which might not be enlarged ;—  
Yet true to “ Nature's journeymen,” who made  
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—  
This female dog-star of her little sky,  
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,  
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—  
The time shall come, nor long remote when thou  
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;  
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,  
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.



May the strong curse of crush'd affections light  
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !  
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind  
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !  
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,  
Black—as thy will for others would create :  
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,  
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.  
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—  
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !  
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with prayer,  
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !  
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,  
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay,  
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,  
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—  
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye  
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,  
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—  
And festering in the infamy of years.

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*Think of the Lady Godiva, and think  
Of peeping Tom of the historic page. P. 58. st. cxix.*

The story of peeping Tom of Coventry and the fair and

frail Lady Godiva is well known. Her ladyship is still represented on horseback on the first day of the Trinity Fair.

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*Can pride "which not a world can bow," &c.*

*P. 61. st. cxxvi.*

"Every feeling hath been shaken,  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
Even *my soul* forsakes me now!"

*Fare thee well.*

"His mind is evidently of a wilful and over-bearing cast—fond of power and pre-eminence, and impatient and vindictive under disappointment. He has been habituated to look upon himself with an adoring fondness, and upon the rest of mankind with a contemptuous and disdainful eye,—and, in his mad ambition, and his cold disdain of his species, he has come at last to outrage every sentiment in which other men recognise the dignity of their nature. At an early period of life, but after one rude repulse, he found himself placed at the head of our literature, and basking in the sunshine of unrivalled fame. This was too

much for his climbing and impetuous soul :—he soon became cloyed with praise, and disdained the offerings presented to him by beings who had first trampled upon his weakness,—then trembled before the frown of his indignation,—and finally worshipped the resistless triumphs of his genius. He could bear to be insulted, because *that* only stimulated him to exertion, and summoned him to revenge ; but when he found the world at his feet, he began to despise and to loathe it.

“The pride—the excessive and inordinate pride of Byron—is the first and principal cause of those deplorable aberrations into which he has been betrayed ; but there is another, scarcely less operative, namely, the power of strong passion, to which he readily submits ; and to which, as it has been the source of his most brilliant successes, he seems willingly to surrender the troubled course of his existence. He is, perhaps, more decidedly the creature of passion in its most intense and indomitable form, than any other living man ;—and he certainly has it less under the government of refined and enlightened intellect than any of the great poets of former times, with whom, in other points, he may bear a comparison.—*Edinburgh Monthly Review.*



*Of Bravoes, Endriagos, Catchpoles, Giaours,  
Corsairs, or Demons with unearthly powers.*

*P. 62. st. cxxvii.*

The voice of blame I hate to hear or swell,  
And yet some strains the censor's frown impel.  
Giaours; Selims; Corsairs; Alps and Harolds tease;  
And all the misanthropes and ruffians please.  
Paris and Weimar drilled us to admire  
Outrageous sentiment and maniac fire.  
With humble plagiarising skill we toil,  
And their worst shoots transplant to British soil.  
Our rage for novelty th' exotic hails,  
And German Endriagos crowd our tales.  
Montorios, Bertrams, Christabels delight:  
Ambrosios, sorcerers, bravos, fiends affright.  
As if a bedlam were the general school,  
Or Bacchus' orgies gave the poet rule.  
As if chew'd opium were the happiest muse,  
And her best forms, phantasmagoria views.

*Turner's Prolusions.*

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*He bound a cypress wreath around his head,  
And went to ride on Neptune's horse again.*

*P. 62. st. cxxvii.*

Once more upon the waters—yet once more,  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider.—*Childe Harold, Third Canto.*

*O'er Europe's late Thermopylæ he trod.*

*P. 63. st. cxxx.*

Vide Childe Harold's reflections on the field of Waterloo.

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*The modern "Hubert."*

*P. 63. st. cxxx.*

Vide the poem, in a previous note, "On leaving Newstead Abbey."

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*The fall of that Imperial diadem*

*That blazed afar with unpropitious light.*

*P. 64. st. cxxxi.*

The Ode to Napoleon on his exile to Elba forms a curious contrast to the sentiments expressed in that addressed to the French nation, beginning thus :

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !

Oh, shame to thy children and thee !

Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,

How wretched thy portion shall be !

Derision shall strike thee forlorn,  
 A mockery that never shall die ;  
 The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn  
 Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;  
 And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd  
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

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*Like that unhappy maniac, poor Rousseau,  
 Thrown to nature's bosom wild—  
 He, amidst Geneva's lake, &c.*

*p. 64. st. cxxxi.*

Jean Jaques Rousseau.—The madness of this extraordinary character was too remarkable to be soon forgotten : it is perpetuated in the fruits of his imagination, and has proved indeed a seductive contagion. But the phrenzy of the Genevan philosopher was a sentimental elysium compared to the “moody madness, laughing wild,” amid the horrors of its own creation, which seems to possess the monster-making coterie that have lately established themselves on the ground where Gibbon, Voltaire, and Rousseau wrote and resided : we mean the *Vampyre family*—or that knot of scribblers, male and female, with weak nerves, and



disordered brains, from whom have sprung those disgusting compounds of unnatural conception, bad taste, and absurdity, entitled "Frankenstein, or the modern Prometheus," the "Vampyre," &c. &c.

"'Tis said that Xerxes offered a reward  
To those who could invent him a new pleasure."

As "pleasure is a very pleasant thing," according to Lord Byron and Don Juan, we agree that an addition to that stock is highly desirable; but what sort of reward is due to those who labour to invent new monsters, to degrade their species into imaginary forms of disgust and hideousness, and to augment the source of mental miseries to themselves and to mankind? "Verily they have their reward" in the effects produced upon their own minds by their horrid and beloved phantasmagoria.

The following details from one who appears to have formed a part of the literary society alluded to, furnish a curious illustration of this part of the poem.

#### EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM GENEVA.

Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is a bust of Rousseau—here is a house with an in-

scription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney, the residence of Voltaire ; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible, character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's abode, and a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman Madame de Stael : perhaps the *first of her sex*, who has really proved its often claimed equality with the nobler man. We have before had women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them ; but never since the days of Heloise have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex have not been backward in alledging the existence of an Abeilard in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her works. But to proceed : upon the same side of the lake, Gibbon, Bonnivard, Bradshaw, and others mark, as it were, the stages of our progress ; whilst on the other side there is one house, built by Diodati, the friend of Milton, which has contained within its walls, for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who—if human passions remain

the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before—will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English Poets. You must have heard, or the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago, after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakspeare's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant seat. I found a servant there who had lived with him; she, however, gave me but little information. She pointed out his bed-chamber upon the same level as the saloon and dining-room, and informed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two, and employed himself a long time over his toilette; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food. He apparently spent some part of every day upon the lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the lake and the mountain Jura; and I imagine, that it must have been hence he contemplated the storm so magnificently described in the Third Canto; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the



points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

The sky is changed ;—and such a change ; Oh, night !  
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !  
Thou wert not sent for slumber, let me be  
A sharer in thy far and fierce delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of me !  
How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !  
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his way between  
Heights which appear, as lovers who have parted  
In haste, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, tho' broken hearted;  
Tho' in their souls which thus each other thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom and then departed—  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years all winter—war within themselves to wage.

*Childe Harold.*

I went down to the little port, if I may use the expression, wherein his vessel used to lay, and conversed with the cottager, who had the care of it. You may smile, but I have my pleasure in thus helping my personification of the individual I admire, by attaining to the knowledge of those circumstances which were daily around him. I have made numerous enquiries in the town concerning him, but can learn nothing. He only went into society there once, when M. Pictet took him to the house of a lady to spend the evening. They say he is a very singular man, and seemed to think him very uncivil. Amongst other things they relate, that having invited M. Pictet and Bonstetten to dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving a gentleman who travelled with him to

receive them and make his apologies. Another evening, being invited to the house of Lady D—— H——, he promised to attend, but upon approaching the windows of her ladyship's villa, and perceiving the room to be full of company, he set down his friend, desired him to plead his excuse, and immediately returned home. (*Prefatory Letter to the Vampyre.*)

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*Who mock the inscrutable Almighty's plan,  
By seeking truth and order to subdue.*

*P. 67. st. cxxxviii.*

“ It has long been sufficiently manifest, that this man is devoid of religion. At times, indeed, the power and presence of the Deity, as speaking in the sterner workings of the elements, seems to force some momentary consciousness of their existence into his labouring breast; a spirit in which there breathes so much of the divine, cannot always resist the majesty of its Maker. But of true religion terror is a small part—and of all religion, that founded on mere terror, is the least worthy of such a man as Byron. We may look in vain through all his works, for the slightest evidence that his soul had ever listened to the *gentle voice* of the oracles. His understanding has been subdued into conviction, by some pass-



ing cloud; but his heart has never been touched. He has never written one line that savours of the spirit of meekness. His faith is but for a moment—"he believes and trembles," and relapses again into his gloom of unbelief—a gloom in which he is at least as devoid of HOPE and CHARITY as he is of FAITH.—The same proud hardness of heart which makes the author of *Don Juan* a despiser of the Faith for which his fathers bled, has rendered him a scorner of the better part of woman; and therefore it is that his love poetry is a continual insult to the beauty that inspires it. The earthy part of the passion is all that has found a resting place within his breast—His idol is all of clay—and he dashes her to pieces almost in the moment of his worship. Impiously railing against his God,—and brutally outraging all the best feelings of female honour, affection, and confidence—How small a part of chivalry is that which remains to the descendant of the Byrons—A gloomy vizor, and a deadly weapon!"—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

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*In rival conclave there and dark divan,*

*He met and mingled with the Vampyre crew, &c.*

*P. 67. st. cxxxvii.*

There is a society three or four miles from Geneva,

the centre of which is the Countess of Breuss, a Russian lady well acquainted with the *agrémens de la société*, and who has collected them round herself at her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find, that the gentleman who travelled with Lord Byron, as physician, sought for society. He used almost every day to cross the lake by himself, in one of their flat-bottomed boats, and return after passing the evening with his friends, about eleven or twelve at night, often whilst the storms were raging in the circling summits of the mountains around. As he became intimate, from long acquaintance, with several of the families in this neighbourhood, I have gathered from their accounts some excellent traits of his lordship's character, which I will relate to you at some future opportunity.

Among other particulars mentioned, was the outline of a ghost story by Lord Byron. It appears that one evening Lord Byron, Mr. P. B. Shelley, two ladies and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work, entitled *Phantasmagoriana*, began relating ghost stories; when his lordship having recited the beginning of *Christabel*, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelley's mind, that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning



against a mantle-piece, with *cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face!* After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the *bosom of one of the ladies with eyes* (which was *reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived*) he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression! It was afterwards proposed, in the course of conversation, that each of the company present should write a tale depending upon some supernatural agency, which was undertaken by Lord Byron, the physician, and one of the ladies before mentioned. I obtained the outline of each of these stories as a great favour, and herewith forward them to you, as I was assured you would feel as much curiosity as myself, to peruse the *ebauches* of so great a genius, and those immediately under his influence.—*Preface to the Vampyre.*

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*Here then we'll leave our wandering poet, planning  
Some tale to speak the colour of his mind.*

*P. 70. st. cxliii.*

There is something quite new and peculiar, indeed, in the whole career of Byron. Madame de Stael, in treat-



ing of English literature, remarks, "Il n'y a point en Angleterre de memoires, de confessions, de recits de soi faits par soi-même: la fierté du caractere Anglais se refuse a ce genre de détails et d'aveux." Lord Byron has proved a conspicuous exception to the truth of this remark.

He seems to have identified his character with his writings; his poetry, at least a considerable portion of it, is a mirror in which are reflected the movements of his soul. He has even obtruded the events of his life upon public notice; he has solicited regard to the dark current of his sorrows; he has revealed the privacy of his domestic life, and demanded the public judgment of his character. His spirit has already been, in great part, developed to the world by his poetical pilgrimage, which embodied the dark and tumultuous aspirations of a soul that had ever been a stranger to repose. The world, which admired his genius, was subdued into compassion for his sorrows, however capricious and distempered might be the source from which they flowed. The moody and self-tormenting temperament of genius was recognized, pitied, and revered; and the complaints of Byron, however whimsical their origin, in the midst of all the apparent elements of happiness, and however questionable or unintelligible their tendency, were listened to with a

sort of charmed sympathy and commiseration. But the sudden transfusion of this poetical character into the realities of life,—the dreadful apparition of it in the most hallowed retreats of domestic purity,—the destroying taint of its sullen egotism and unintelligible fury, amid scenes over which the smooth clear stream of gentle affection is alone permitted to wind its course,—struck every one with amazement and aversion. It became but too evident that the delicious repose of *English* domestic life was utterly uncongenial to the perturbed soul of Byron. He voluntarily exiled himself from a country which he had equally honoured and insulted,—honoured by the display of his extraordinary talents, and insulted by the outrage of its most cherished affections and revered institutions. He has now chosen as his place of exile a region where all things that present themselves—whether the melancholy monuments of decayed grandeur, or the living varieties of unscrupulous luxury and gratification—will correspond to the majestic but depraved temperament of his own unintelligible nature; but he must not from this voluptuous retirement insult the purity which he has voluntarily renounced, and to which it now appears but too probable that he is fated never to return.—*Edinburgh Monthly Review*, Oct. 1819.



—————*poor whipt Mazeppa.* P. 70. st. cxliii.

His lordship in his poem of Mazeppa differs from the historian. M. Voltaire says: "Le Colonel Gieta, blesse, et perdant tout sa sang, lui donna le sien." The poet adds to this, no doubt from other sources of information,

His horse was slain, and Gieta gave  
His own—and died the *Russians'* slave.

If this be an error of amplification, there is a counter-vailing one: In our edition of the history, Mazeppa is said to have been *soundly whipped*, before being tied to the horse, (Le mari le fit fouetter de verges;) but this circumstance may have been suppressed, as adding unnecessary disgrace to the character of the hero.

—————  
*May teach, Lord Beppo, your nobility*  
*A due attention to this simple matter.* P. 70. st. cxliv.

Beppo was in many parts reprehensible, but Don Juan is scandalous throughout. There was in Beppo wit, ease, *naïvetè*, abundant humour, and occasional



strength, such as no other living author could have put forth; but there was also much intemperate and unreasonable levity. Is it a venial offence to have cast mockery on the chastity of woman, and the sanctity of the marriage bed, and to have made the violation of conjugal fidelity the object of a gay and approving smile? Every one saw with regret, that Italian morals, not less than Italian skies, had found favour with the author of *Beppo*,—and that the majestic spirit of the noble poet was beginning to bow before the voluptuous profligacy of a foreign muse. With his voluntary exile from his native land, every proud and generous feeling passed away; and the Dante of England, as Byron has often, although fantastically been called, took his willing station among the tuneful purveyors of an exotic licentiousness.

## A SUPPRESSED PASSAGE.

For not to you belongs the power to say  
What shall appear in type or glossy page ;  
Nor have alone the gayest of the gay  
The right unquestioned to pollute the age—  
My lay, though not a very cheerful lay,  
Is noble, and beyond the critic's rage ;  
I'll dedicate it hence to Paphian pleasures,  
And teach the muse to dance in frolic measures.

I hate your printer's stars—and coward blanks—  
I'm not to be controuled by knaves in place ;  
Print boldly, and you'll have my muse's thanks,  
And welcome guineas will come in apace—  
Think not upon the ministerial ranks,  
Nor draw the modest bonnet o'er thy face :  
With lords and statesmen boast your high alliance,  
And set the vice suppressors at defiance.

What's Wordsworth, water drinking bard, to you,  
Or turncoat Southey, with his blighted laurel ?  
I hate the sing-song of the Laking crew,  
And hope the Muses will take up my quarrel—

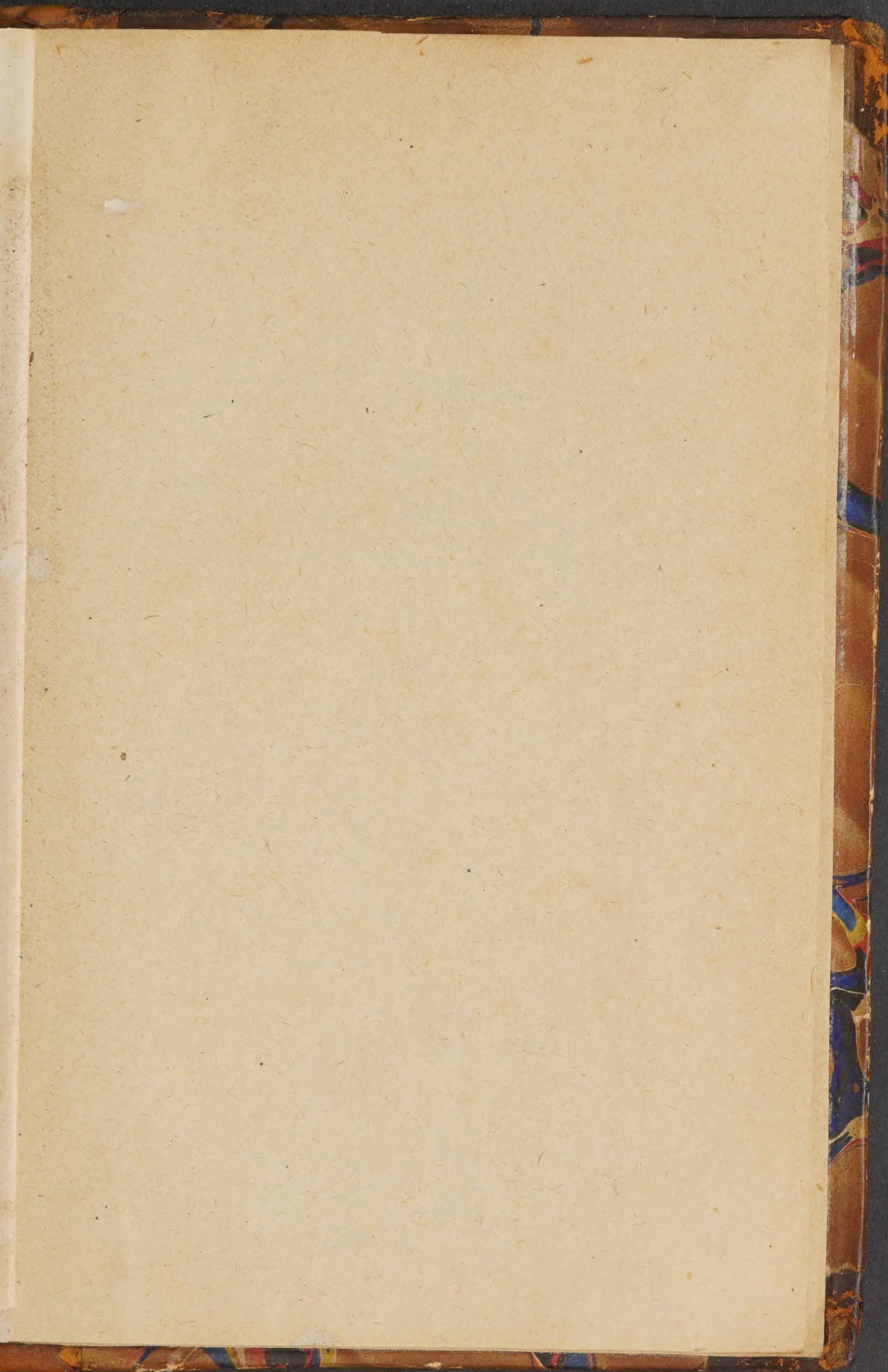
Leave all such to the Quarterly Review,  
To laud with fulsome praise. Apollo's barrel  
No drop of inspiration ever gave  
To wet the windpipe of Corruption's slave.

Fear not the lash of Gifford's friendly pen,  
To satire and the Muses listless grown,  
Tho' it was once the scourge of guilty men,  
And to each Bavius and Mavius known;  
Nor fear ye aught from Croker's courtly strain,  
Who sings of war and Wellington alone—  
Some may like prudes affect a virtuous passion,  
But mind, morality is not the fashion.

“What's in a name”, that on the title-page  
The vender should in pompous letters shine,  
As if 'twere *his* bright wit illum'd the age?  
You see I'm not tenacious about mine—  
Let but a lord—you know the old adage—  
Let but a lord be said to write each line,  
And though 'tis most abominable stuff,  
Print it—the work will sell—and that's enough.

THE END.







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